

DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 432 773

CS 216 820

TITLE Poetry Heaven: Teacher's Guide. The 1996 Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival.

INSTITUTION Thirteen WNET, New York, NY.

SPONS AGENCY Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation, Morristown, NJ.

PUB DATE 1998-00-00

NOTE 48p.; Photographs may not reproduce clearly.

AVAILABLE FROM Poetry Heaven Teacher's Guide, P.O. Box 245, Little Falls, NJ 07424-0245. Accompanying VHS videotape recordings available from Films for the Humanities and Sciences; Tel: 800-257-5126 (Toll Free); Web site: <http://www.films.com>

PUB TYPE Guides - Classroom - Teacher (052)

EDRS PRICE MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.

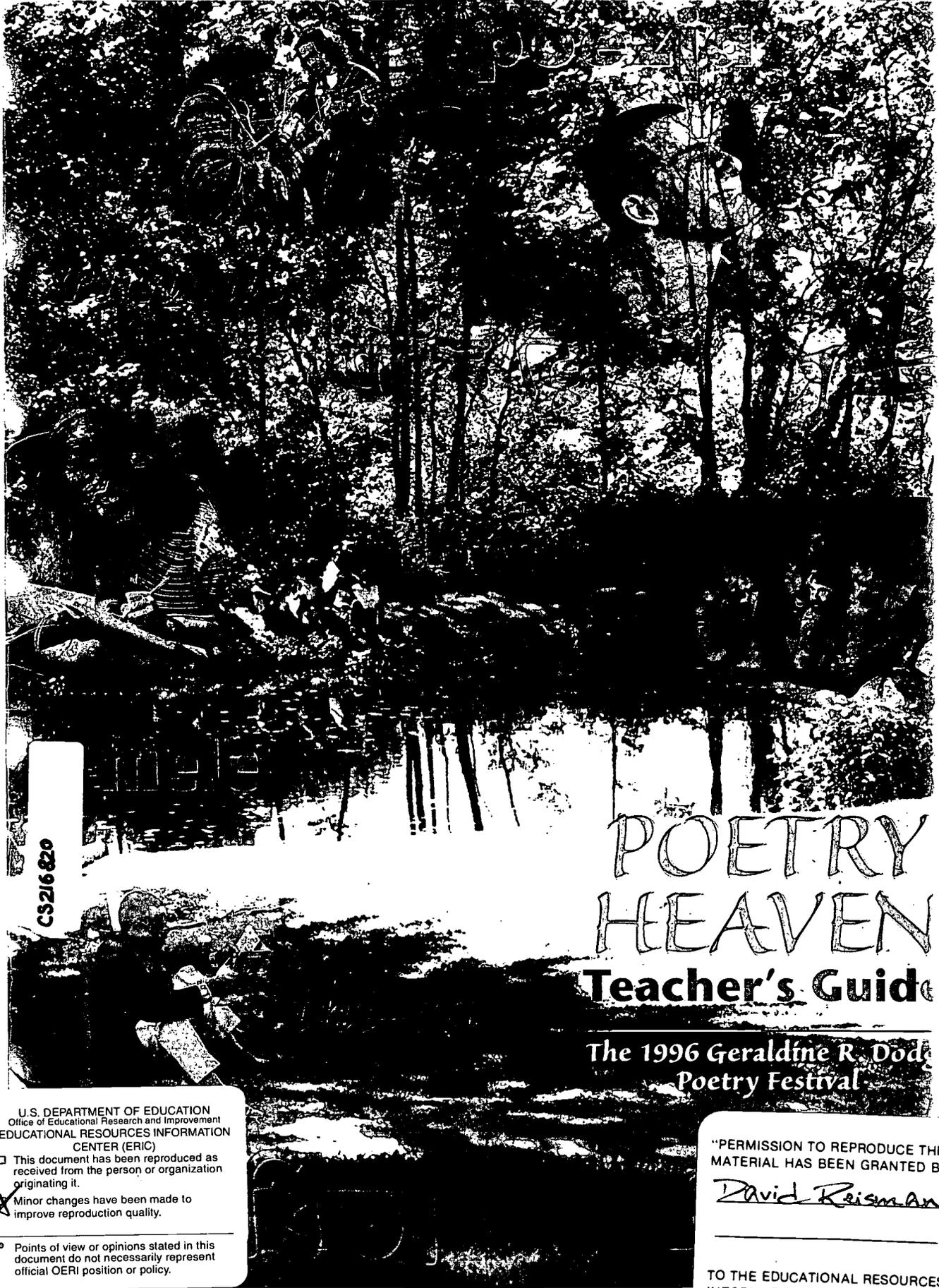
DESCRIPTORS Class Activities; *Creative Writing; Cultural Enrichment; High Schools; *Oral Interpretation; *Poetry; *Poets

IDENTIFIERS *Contemporary Literature; *Geraldine R Dodge Foundation; Oral Presentations

ABSTRACT

This teaching guide packet is designed to accompany a 3-part television series, "Poetry Heaven," which captures many of the brightest and most memorable moments of the 1996 Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival. The series presented in the packet features 18 poets whose personalities, voices, and points of view reflect the power and diversity of contemporary poetry. While the guide in the packet is intended to be used with the series, it can also serve teachers as a free-standing resource for the study of contemporary poetry. Included are: classroom cards, including 13 poet cards and 1 panel/conversation card (featuring poems, poet's statements, biographical notes, photographs, discussion questions, and suggested activities); an outline of each program which identifies featured poets and events; a time grid which provides timed locations for poems and panel/conversations in the TV series; advice to young poets; a selected bibliography; and suggestions for building a core high school poetry collection. Each program in the series is 60 minutes long and readings of individual poems are continuous. Recommendations for the teacher are: preview the program selected for discussion; have students watch the whole program on air or show segments in class; hand out photocopies of the classroom cards; discuss what has been watched; and have students do the activities. (NKA)

* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *



CS216 820

POETRY HEAVEN Teacher's Guide

The 1996 Geraldine R. Dodge
Poetry Festival

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Office of Educational Research and Improvement
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION
CENTER (ERIC)

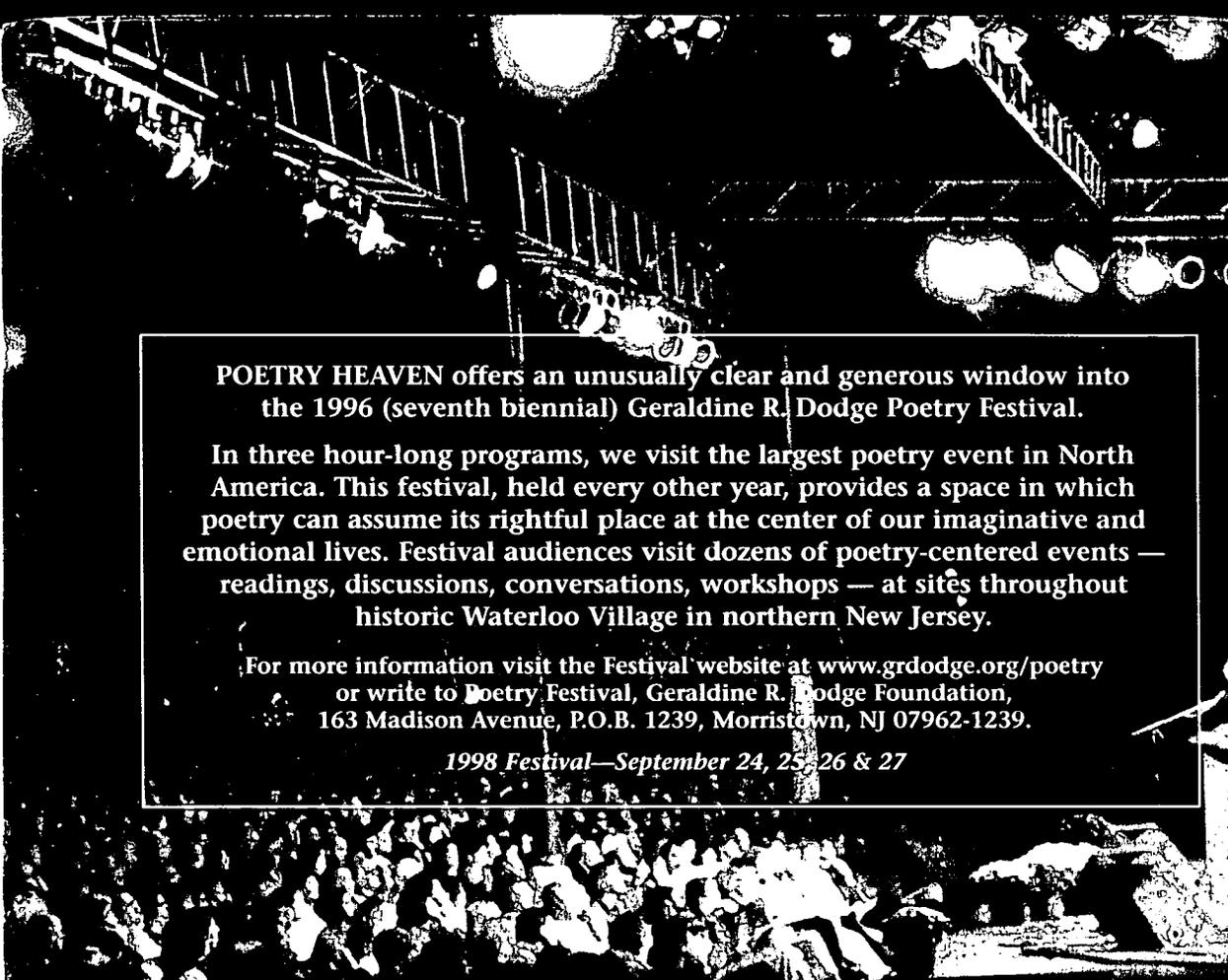
This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.

Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.

• Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official OERI position or policy.

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
David Reisman

TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."



POETRY HEAVEN offers an unusually clear and generous window into the 1996 (seventh biennial) Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival.

In three hour-long programs, we visit the largest poetry event in North America. This festival, held every other year, provides a space in which poetry can assume its rightful place at the center of our imaginative and emotional lives. Festival audiences visit dozens of poetry-centered events — readings, discussions, conversations, workshops — at sites throughout historic Waterloo Village in northern New Jersey.

For more information visit the Festival website at www.grdodge.org/poetry or write to Poetry Festival, Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation, 163 Madison Avenue, P.O.B. 1239, Morristown, NJ 07962-1239.

1998 Festival—September 24, 25, 26 & 27

POETRY HEAVEN Part 1

Robert Hass: "Forty Something" and translations of haiku by Kobayashi Issa

Mark Doty: "Golden Retrievals"

Thyllas Moss: from "Poem for my Mothers and Other Makers of Asafetida" and "A Nagging Misunderstanding"

Pattiann Rogers: "The Greatest Grandeur" and "The Hummingbird: A Seduction"

Carol Muske: "Talk Show" and an excerpt from "An Octave Above Thunder" ("The Dakota in her Speech")

Women and Poetry: Brenda Hillman, Thyllas Moss, Carol Muske, and Pattiann Rogers

Gerald Stern: from Section VIII of "Hot Dog"

Yehuda Amichal: "God Takes Pity on Kindergarten Children," "1924," and "Little Ruth"

POETRY HEAVEN Part 2

Allen Ginsberg: excerpts from: William Blake's "The Tiger," "Do the Meditation Rock," and "Ballad of the Skeletons"

Lê Thi Diem Thúy: "Big girl, Little girl"

Poetry and History: Robert Hass, Louis Jenkins, Yusef Komunyakaa, and Li-Young Lee
Yusef Komunyakaa: from "History Lesson"; Li-Young Lee: "The Interrogation"

Robert Hass: from "Regalia for a Black Hat Dancer"

Mark Doty: "Michael's Dream" and "Charlie Howard's Descent"

Marie Howe: "Sixth Grade" and "What the Living Do"

Yusef Komunyakaa: "You and I Are Disappearing," "Thanks" and "Facing It"

POETRY HEAVEN Part 3

Louis Jenkins: "Appointed Rounds" and "Too Much Snow"

Hal Sirowitz: "Chopped-Off Arm"

Phillip Levine: "Monsieur Degas Teaches Art and Science at Durfee Intermediate School, Detroit, 1942," "You Can Have It," and "Coming Close"

Poetry and Work: Louis Jenkins, Phillip Levine, and Yusef Komunyakaa

Yusef Komunyakaa: "Believing in Iron"

Joy Harjo: "For Anna Mae Pictou Aquash . . ."

Robert Creeley: "I Know a Man" and "So There"

A Shared Life of Poetry: Robert Hass and Brenda Hillman
Brenda Hillman: "Black Series"

Brenda Hillman: "Time Problem"

Jean Valentine: "To a Young Poet"

Advice to Young Poets/New Jersey High School Poetry Winners: Philip Levine, (*advice*), Helen Yuton Lee, Allen Ginsberg (*advice*), Regina Laba, Louis Jenkins (*advice*), Eireann Corrigan, Benjamin Paloff, Tammara Lindsay

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS

MARK DOTY

"Don't quit too soon
when you are working
on a piece of writing."

BRENDA HILLMAN

"Look closely.
Think on all levels.
Revise toward strangeness.
Don't lie."

JEAN VALENTINE

Poetry Heaven—Part 3

Born in Chicago in 1934, Jean Valentine has taught at major colleges and universities throughout the Northeast, including Columbia University, Sarah Lawrence College, Swarthmore College, and Yale University. She now lives in Ireland.

LOUIS JENKINS

"Think twice. Read
everything you can
get your hands on."

**To a Young Poet
for Michael Klein**

This January night at ten below I wish you
true desire, like a rose: to stand
in your chest. Veined. Bloom.

ALLEN GINSBERG

"Learn some form
of non-theistic
meditation practice...
Learn music."

Let you be. Reflected in the train window,
inside a thousand circles of public darkness,
desire, a round red star.

And desire again, a foliating wand,
and you the Jack of Wands.

PHILIP LEVINE

"What you need to
learn is patience."

The round red rose of sleep in bloom. This is
true desire, it lets you be.
It says, "No money here."

What does it taste like?
True desire, Eye-
shadow, cinnamon.

"To a Young Poet" by Jean Valentine. From THE RIVER AT WOLF.
Copyright © 1992 by Jean Valentine. Reprinted by permission of Alice James Books.

YEHUDA AMICHAI

"Write only as long as
you want to write and
need to write."

ROBERT HASS

"If you fall in love
with poetry, read a
lot and write a lot."

Three Wren
356 West 58th Street
New York, NY 10019

izinkond



POETRY HEAVEN

*The words that appear on the cover
mean "poetry."*

dichtkunst Dutch

izinkondlo Zulu

mele Hawaiian

költészet Hungarian

mga tula Filipino

poésie French

poezja Polish

runous Finnish

sayır Turkish

thi-ca Vietnamese

שירה Hebrew

诗 Chinese

ժողովրդական Armenia

شعر Arabic

पौ इद्दि Hindi

詩 Japanese

πώετρι Greek

ПОЭЗИЯ Russian

কবিতা Bengali

The 1996 Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival
was funded, organized, and mounted by
the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

ORDERING INFORMATION

To order videocassettes of POETRY HEAVEN, contact
Films for the Humanities and Sciences at 1-800-257-5126.

To request additional copies of this Teacher's Guide, please write to:

POETRY HEAVEN Teacher's Guide

P.O. Box 245

Little Falls, NJ 07424-0245

POETRY HEAVEN

The 1996 Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival
was funded, organized, and mounted by
the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation.

ORDERING INFORMATION

To order videocassettes of POETRY HEAVEN, contact
Films for the Humanities and Sciences at 1-800-257-5126.
To request additional copies of this Teacher's Guide, please write to:
POETRY HEAVEN Teacher's Guide
P.O. Box 245
Little Falls, NJ 07424-0245

The words that appear on the cover
mean "poetry."

<i>dichtkunst</i>	Dutch	שירה	Hebrew
<i>izinkondlo</i>	Zulu	诗	Chinese
<i>mele</i>	Hawaiian	հրահրուծ	Armenian
<i>költészet</i>	Hungarian	شعر	Arabic
<i>mga tula</i>	Philippino	पो इदि	Hindi
<i>poésie</i>	French	詩	Japanese
<i>poezja</i>	Polish	πρωετροι	Greek
<i>runous</i>	Finnish	ΠΟΕΣΙΑ	Russian
<i>sayir</i>	Turkish	কবিতা	Bengali
<i>thi-ca</i>	Vietnamese		

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Eireann Corrigan 54:02-54:39
Benjamin Paloff 54:39-55:01
Tammara Lindsay 55:01-55:38

21:45-23:58

Copyright © 1998 Thirteen/WNET

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Amichai, Yehuda. *The Selected Poetry of Yehuda Amichai*. Ed. and trans. from the Hebrew by Chana Bloch and Stephen Mitchell. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996.
- _____. *Yehuda Amichai, A Life of Poetry, 1948-1994*. Selected and trans. from the Hebrew by Benjamin and Barbara Harshav. New York: HarperCollins, 1994.
- _____. *Travels*. Trans. from the Hebrew by Ruth Nevo. New York: Sheep Meadow Press, 1986.
- Creeley, Robert. *Selected Poems*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996.
- _____. *Echoes*. New York: New Directions, 1994.
- _____. *Tales Out of School: Selected Interviews*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1993.
- _____. *The Collected Poems of Robert Creeley, 1945-1975*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1982.
- Doty, Mark. *Sweet Machine: Poems*. New York: HarperFlamingo, 1998.
- _____. *Heaven's Coast: A Memoir*. New York: HarperCollins, 1996.
- _____. *Atlantis: Poems*. New York: HarperPerennial, 1995.
- _____. *My Alexandria: Poems*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1993.
- Ginsberg, Allen. *Selected Poems: 1947-1995*. New York: HarperCollins, 1996.
- _____. *Howl, and Other Poems, 40th Anniversary Edition*. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1996.
- _____. *Collected Poems, 1947-1980*. New York: HarperCollins, 1988.
- _____. *Composed on the Tongue*. Edited by Donald Allen. Bolinas, Calif.: Grey Fox Press, 1980.
- Harjo, Joy. *She Had Some Horses*. Second Edition. New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 1997.
- _____. co-editor. *Reinventing the Enemy's Language: Contemporary Native Women's Writing of North America*. New York: W.W. Norton, 1997.
- _____. *The Spiral Of Memory: Interviews*. Edited by Laura Coltelli. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1996.
- _____. *The Woman Who Fell From The Sky: Poems*. New York: W.W. Norton, 1996.
- _____. *In Mad Love and War*. Hanover, N.H.: Wesleyan University Press/University Press of New England, 1990.
- _____. *The Good Thief*. New York: Persea Books, 1988.
- Jenkins, Louis. *Just Above Water: Prose Poems*. Duluth, Minn.: Holy Cow! Press, 1997.
- _____. *Nice Fish: New and Selected Prose Poems*. Duluth, Minn.: Holy Cow! Press, 1995.
- Komunyakaa, Yusef. *Thieves of Paradise*. Hanover, N.H.: Wesleyan University Press/University Press of New England, 1998.
- _____. co-editor. *The Second Set: The Jozz Poetry Anthology, Volume 2*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1996.
- _____. *Neon Vernacular: New and Selected Poems*. Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 1993.
- _____. *Magic City*. Hanover, N.H.: Wesleyan University Press/University Press of New England, 1992.
- Lê Thi Diem Thúy, contributor. *The Arc of Love: An Anthology of Lesbian Love Poems*. Edited by Clare Coss. New York: Scribner, 1996.
- _____. contributor. *The Very Inside: An Anthology of Writing by Asian and Pacific Islander Lesbian and Bisexual Women*. Edited by Sharon Lim-Hing. Toronto, Ont.: Sister Vision Press, 1994.
- Lee, Li-Young. *The City in Which I Love You*. Brockport, N.Y.: BOA Editions, 1990.
- _____. *Rose: Poems*. Brockport, N.Y.: BOA Editions, 1986.
- Levine, Phil. *Unselected Poems*. Santa Cruz, Calif.: Greenhouse Review Press, 1997.
- _____. *The Bread of Time: Toward an Autobiography*. New York: A.A. Knopf, 1994.
- _____. *The Simple Truth*. New York: A.A. Knopf, 1994.
- _____. *New Selected Poems*. New York: A.A. Knopf, 1991.
- _____. *What Work Is*. New York: A.A. Knopf, 1991.
- _____. *Don't Ask*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1981.
- Moss, Thylia. *Last Chance for the Tarzan Holler: Poems*. New York: Persea Books, 1998.
- _____. *Small Congregations: New and Selected Poems*. Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1993.
- Muske, Carol. *Women & Poetry: Truth, Autobiography, and the Shape of the Self*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1997.
- _____. *An Octave Above Thunder: New and Selected Poems*. New York: Penguin Books, 1997.

BUILDING A CORE HIGH SCHOOL POETRY COLLECTION

Total approximate cost \$600

BASIC
cost approximately \$250

GOOD BROWSING

- Naked Poetry: Recent American Poetry in Open Forms*. Berg, Stephen and Robert Mezey, eds. New York: Macmillan, 1969. (\$30.60)
- The Rattle Bag*. Heaney, Seamus, and Ted Hughes, eds. London: Faber and Faber, 1985. (\$15.95)
- Vital Signs*. Wallace, Ronald, ed. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1989. (\$17.95)
- The Top 500 Poems*. Harmon, William, ed. New York: Columbia University Press, 1992. (hc.\$29.95)
- The Vintage Book of Contemporary American Poetry*. McClatchy, J.D., ed. New York: Random House, 1993. (\$16.00)
- No More Masks! An Anthology of Twentieth Century American Women's Poetry*. Howe, Florence, ed. New York: HarperCollins, 1993. (\$16.00)
- The Rag and Bone Shop of the Heart: A Poetry Anthology*. Bly, Robert, James Hillman and Michael Meade, eds. New York: HarperCollins, 1993. (\$16.00)

POETRY OF DIVERSE CULTURES

- Another Republic: 17 European and South American Writers*. Simic, Charles and Mark Strand, eds. New York: Ecco Press, 1976. (\$12.95)
- Songs from This Earth on Turtle's Back: American Indian Writing*. Bruchac, Joseph, ed. Greenfield Center, N.Y.: Greenfield Review Press, 1983. (\$10.95)
- The Black Poets*. Randall, Dudley, ed. New York: Bantam Books, 1985. (\$6.99)
- Unsettling America: An Anthology of Contemporary Multicultural Poetry*. Gillan, Jennifer and Maria Mazziotti Gillan, eds. New York: Penguin Books, 1994. (\$14.95)

ABOUT POETRY

- Poetry in the Making*. Hughes, Ted. London: Faber and Faber, 1967. (\$10.95)
- How Does a Poem Mean*. Ciardi, John. 2nd ed. expanded by Miller Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1975. (\$19.95)
- The Language of Life: A Festival of Poets*. Moyers, Bill. (Haba, James, ed.) New York: Doubleday, 1995. (hc.\$29.95)

EXPANDED

cost approximately \$225

MORE GOOD BROWSING

- Poets of English Language. Vol. 4. Romantic Poets*. Auden, W.H. and Norman Holmes Pearson, eds. New York: Viking Penguin, 1977. (\$14.95)
- The Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics*. Palgrave, Francis T., ed. Rutland, Vt.: Everyman's Classics, 1991. (\$9.95)
- Into the Garden: A Wedding Anthology: Poetry and Prose on Love and Marriage*. Hass, Robert and Stephen Mitchell, eds. New York: HarperCollins, 1994. (\$12.50)
- Modern American Poets: Their Voices and Visions*. DiYanni, Robert, ed. 2nd ed. New York: McCraw Hill, 1994. (\$34.38)
- Contemporary American Poetry*. Poulin, Al, Jr., ed. 5th ed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1996. (\$38.76)
- The Best American Poetry 1997*. Tate, James, ed. New York: Scribner, 1997. (\$13.00)

MORE POETRY OF DIVERSE CULTURES

- 100 Poems From the Chinese*. Rexroth, Kenneth, trans. New York: New Directions, 1971. (\$7.95)
- Women Poets of China*. Ling, Chung and Kenneth Rexroth, trans. New York: New Directions, 1982. (\$8.95)
- Woman Who Has Sprouted Wings: Poems by Contemporary Latin American Women*. Crow, Mary, ed. 2nd ed. Pittsburgh: Latin America Literary Review Press, 1987. (\$13.95)
- Contemporary East European Poetry: An Anthology*. George, Emery, ed.

berkeley: University of California Press, 1982.

oty, Mark. *Sweet Machine: Poems*. New York: HarperFlamingo, 1998.

_____. *Heaven's Coast: A Memoir*. New York: HarperCollins, 1996.

_____. *Atlantis: Poems*. New York: HarperPerennial, 1995:

_____. *My Alexandria: Poems*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1993.

insberg, Allen. *Selected Poems: 1947-1995*. New York: HarperCollins, 1996.

_____. *Howl, and Other Poems, 40th Anniversary Edition*. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1996.

_____. *Collected Poems, 1947-1980*. New York: HarperCollins, 1988.

_____. *Composed on the Tongue*. Edited by Donald Allen. Bolinas, Calif.: Grey Fox Press, 1980.

larjo, Joy. *She Had Some Horses*. Second Edition. New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 1997.

_____. co-editor. *Reinventing the Enemy's Language: Contemporary Native Women's Writing of North America*. New York: W.W. Norton, 1997.

_____. *The Spiral Of Memory: Interviews*. Edited by Laura Coltelli. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1996.

_____. *The Woman Who Fell From The Sky: Poems*. New York: W.W. Norton, 1996.

_____. *In Mad Love and War*. Hanover, N.H.: Wesleyan University Press/University Press of New England, 1990.

Hass, Robert, ed. *Poet's Choice: Poems for Everyday Life*. Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1998.

_____. *Field Guide*. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1998.

_____. *Sun Under Wood: New Poems*. Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1996.

_____. *Human Wishes*. Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1989.

_____. *Praise*. Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1979.

Hillman, Brenda. *Loose Sugar*. Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 1997.

_____. *Bright Existence*. Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 1993.

_____. *Death Tractates*. Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 1992.

_____. *Fortress*. Hanover, N.H.: Wesleyan University Press/University Press of New England, 1989.

Howe, Marie. *What the Living Do*. New York: W.W. Norton, 1997.

_____. co-editor. *In The Company of My Solitude: American Writing from the AIDS Pandemic*. New York: Persea Books, 1995.

The Arc of Love: An Anthology of Lesbian Love Poems. Edited by Clare Coss. New York: Scribner, 1996.

_____. contributor. *The Very Inside: An Anthology of Writing by Asian and Pacific Islander Lesbian and Bisexual Women*. Edited by Sharon Lim-Hing. Toronto, Ont.: Sister Vision Press, 1994.

Lee, Li-Young. *The City in Which I Love You*. Brockport, N.Y.: BOA Editions, 1990.

_____. *Rose: Poems*. Brockport, N.Y.: BOA Editions, 1986.

Levine, Phil. *Unselected Poems*. Santa Cruz, Calif.: Greenhouse Review Press, 1997.

_____. *The Bread of Time: Toward an Autobiography*. New York: A.A. Knopf, 1994.

_____. *The Simple Truth*. New York: A.A. Knopf, 1994.

_____. *New Selected Poems*. New York: A.A. Knopf, 1991.

_____. *What Work Is*. New York: A.A. Knopf, 1991.

_____. *Don't Ask*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1981.

Moss, Thylia. *Lost Chance for the Tarzon Holler: Poems*. New York: Persea Books, 1998.

_____. *Small Congregations: New and Selected Poems*. Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1993.

Muske, Carol. *Women & Poetry: Truth, Autobiography, and the Shapo of the Self*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1997.

_____. *An Octave Above Thunder: New and Selected Poems*. New York: Penguin Books, 1997.

_____. *Red Trousseau*. New York: Viking, 1993.

Rogers, Pattiann. *Eating Bread and Honey*. Minneapolis, Minn.: Milkweed Editions, 1997.

_____. *Firekeeper: New and Selected Poems*. Minneapolis, Minn.: Milkweed Editions, 1994.

Sirowitz, Hal. *My Therapist Said*. New York: Crown Publishers, 1998.

_____. *Mother Said: Poems*. New York: Crown Publishers, 1996.

Stern, Gerald. *This Time: New and Selected Poems*. New York: W.W. Norton, 1998.

_____. *Odd Mercy: Poems*. New York: W.W. Norton, 1995.

_____. *Bread Without Sugar: Poems*. New York: W.W. Norton, 1992.

Valentine, Jean. *Growing Darkness, Growing Light*. Pittsburgh, Pa.: Carnegie Mellon University Press, 1997.

_____. *The River at Wolf*. Cambridge, Mass.: Alice James Books, 1992.

_____. *Home, Deep, Blue: New and Selected Poems*. Cambridge, Mass.: Alice James Books, 1988.

(512.93)

Songs from This Earth on Turtle's Back: American Indian Writing. Bruchac, Joseph, ed. Greenfield Center, N.Y.: Greenfield Review Press, 1983. (\$10.95)

The Black Poets. Randall, Dudley, ed. New York: Bantam Books, 1985. (\$6.99)

Unsettling America: An Anthology of Contemporary Multicultural Poetry. Gillan, Jennifer and Maria Mazziotti Gillan, eds. New York: Penguin Books, 1994. (\$14.95)

ABOUT POETRY

Poetry in the Making. Hughes, Ted. London: Faber and Faber, 1967. (\$10.95)

How Does a Poem Mean. Ciardi, John. 2nd ed. expanded by Miller Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1975. (\$19.95)

The Language of Life: A Festival of Poets. Moyers, Bill. (Haba, James, ed.) New York: Doubleday, 1995. (hc.\$29.95)

EXPANDED

cost approximately \$225

MORE GOOD BROWSING

Poets of English Language. Vol. 4. Romantic Poets. Auden, W.H. and Norman Holmes Pearson, eds. New York: Viking Penguin, 1977. (\$14.95)

The Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics. Palgrave, Francis T., ed. Rutland, Vt.: Everyman's Classics, 1991. (\$9.95)

Into the Garden: A Wedding Anthology: Poetry and Prose on Love and Marriage. Hass, Robert and Stephen Mitchell, eds. New York: HarperCollins, 1994. (\$12.50)

Modern American Poets: Their Voices and Visions. DiYanni, Robert, ed. 2nd ed. New York: McGraw Hill, 1994. (\$34.38)

Contemporary American Poetry. Poulin, Al, Jr., ed. 5th ed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1996. (\$38.76)

The Best American Poetry 1997. Tate, James, ed. New York: Scribner, 1997. (\$13.00)

MORE POETRY OF DIVERSE CULTURES

100 Poems From the Chinese. Rexroth, Kenneth, trans. New York: New Directions, 1971. (\$7.95)

Women Poets of China. Ling, Chung and Kenneth Rexroth, trans. New York: New Directions, 1982. (\$8.95)

Woman Who Has Sprouted Wings: Poems by Contemporary Latin American Women. Crow, Mary, ed. 2nd ed. Pittsburgh: Latin America Literary Review Press, 1987. (\$13.95)

Contemporary East European Poetry: An Anthology. George, Emery, ed. New York: Oxford University Press, 1993. (\$35.00)

Every Shut Eye Ain't Asleep: An Anthology of Poetry by African Americans since 1945. Harper, Michael S., and Anthony Walton, eds. Boston: Little Brown, 1994. (\$12.95)

Paper Dance: 55 Latino Poets. Cruz, Victor Hernández, Leroy Quintana, and Virgil Suarez, eds. New York: Persea Books, 1995. (\$14.00)

SUPPLEMENTARY

cost approximately \$125

GOING DEEPER

The Forgotten Language: Contemporary Poets and Nature. Merrill, Christopher, ed. Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith Books, 1991. (\$15.95)

The Enlightened Heart: An Anthology of Sacred Poetry. Mitchell, Stephen, ed. New York: HarperCollins, 1993. (\$10.00)

Against Forgetting: Twentieth Century Poetry of Witness. Forché, Carolyn, ed. New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1993. (\$19.95)

The Essential Haiku: Versions of Basho, Buson and Issa. Hass, Robert, trans. Hopewell, N.J.: Ecco Press, 1994. (\$15.00)

News of the Universe: Poems of Twofold Consciousness. Bly, Robert, ed. 2nd ed. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1995. (\$12.00)

Women in Praise of the Sacred: 43 Centuries of Spiritual Poetry by Women. Hirshfield, Jane, ed. New York: HarperPerennial, 1995. (\$13.00)

The Essential Rumi. Barks, Coleman, trans. New York: Book Sales, 1997. (\$7.98)

MORE ABOUT POETRY

The New Book of Forms. Turco, Lewis. Hanover, NH. and New London, Conn.: The University Press of New England, 1986. (\$17.95)

The Haiku Handbook: How to Write, Share, and Teach Haiku. Higginson, William S. New York: Kodansha America, 1992. (\$12.00)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This guide was produced by

Thirteen · wnet

Educational Resources Center
Ruth Ann Burns, Director

PUBLISHER: Robert A. Miller

SUPERVISING EDITOR: David Reisman, Ed.D.

DESIGN: Lou Lomurno

WRITERS: James Haba
Richard Kelso

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY: Lynn Saville

PERMISSIONS EDITOR: Christina L. Draper

ADVISERS:

James Haba, Poetry Coordinator,
Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation

Lois Harrod, Voorhees High School,
Glen Gardner, New Jersey

Scott McVay, Executive Director,
Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation

Peter E. Murphy, Atlantic City High School,
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Betty T. Spinner, Moorestown High
School, Moorestown, New Jersey

Special thanks to the following teachers:
Diane Lockward, David Murphy, Jim
O'Rourke, Woody Rudin, Ellen J. Wright

Special thanks to the Geraldine R. Dodge
Poetry Program: Renee Ashley, Wendy
Baron, Robert Carnavale (Assistant Poetry
Coordinators); Natalie Gerber, Erica
Mosner (Assistant Festival Coordinators);
Thersya Lukito, Jamie Schissler, Kerri Ann
Small (Program Interns)

POETRY HEAVEN is produced by
Geovision, Inc.

Producer and Director: Juan Mandelbaum
Editor/Co-Producer: Bernice Schneider
Co-Director: Barry Bransfield
Poet Introductions and Series Poetry
Consultant: James Haba
Original Music: Gustavo Moretto
Office Manager/Production Assistant:
Maria-Elena Biskinis

Funding for this Guide is provided by the
Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation.

Major funding for POETRY HEAVEN was
provided by the Geraldine R. Dodge
Foundation. Additional support was
provided by the Rhode Island Foundation
and The Philanthropic Initiative.

Copyright © 1998 Thirteen/WNET

TIME GRID

Please note: Most VCRs do not offer the
real-time information contained in the grid.

POETRY HEAVEN Part 1

Robert Hass 01:22-04:24
"Forty Something" 02:32-03:09
Haiku translations 03:10-04:06

Mark Doty 04:24-10:59
"Golden Retrievals" 06:35-09:07

Thyllias Moss 11:15-16:28
from "Poem for my Mothers and
Other Makers of Asafetida"
12:14-14:58
"A Nagging Misunderstanding"
15:00-15:52

Pattiann Rogers 16:29-23:14
"The Greatest Grandeur"
16:54-19:14
"The Hummingbird: A Seduction"
19:53-22:53

Carol Muske 23:55-29:58
"Talk Show" 27:26-28:51
from "An Octave Above Thunder"
("The Dakota in her Speech")
28:53-29:56

Women and Poetry 30:00-39:10
Brenda Hillman, Thyllias Moss, Carol
Muske & Pattiann Rogers
30:04-39:09

Gerald Stern 39:11-44:07
from Section VIII of "Hot Dog"
40:54-44:04

Yehuda Amichai 44:43-56:46
"God Takes Pity on Kindergarten
Children" 45:47-46:40 (English)
46:40-47:20 (Hebrew)
"1924" 49:34-52:01
"Little Ruth" 52:59-56:32

POETRY HEAVEN Part 2

Allen Ginsberg 01:28-12:46
from William Blake's "The Tiger"
03:53-05:11
from "Do The Meditation Rock"
08:33-11:25
from "Ballad of the Skeletons"
11:33-12:35

Lê Thi Diem Thúy 12:47-18:38
"Big girl, Little girl" 15:40-16:59

Poetry and History 18:54-28:35
Robert Hass, Louis Jenkins, Yusef
Komunyakaa and Li-Young Lee
Yusef Komunyakaa: from "History
Lessons" 20:21-21:25
Li-Young Lee: "The Interrogation"
21:45-23:58

Robert Hass 29:12-35:45
from "Regalia for a Black Hat Dancer"
36:55-39:46

Mark Doty 36:03-44:32
"Michael's Dream" 36:55-39:46
"Charlie Howard's Descent"
40:09-42:56

Marie Howe 44:32-50:46
"Sixth Grade" 45:47-48:02
"What the Living Do" 48:35-50:40

Yusef Komunyakaa 50:58-56:03
"You and I Are Disappearing"
51:59-52:50
"Thanks" 53:13-54:38
"Facing It" 54:41-55:56

POETRY HEAVEN Part 3

Louis Jenkins 01:30-06:06
"Appointed Rounds" 02:23-04:30
"Too Much Snow" 04:34-06:04

Hal Sirowitz 06:09-08:11
"Chopped-Off Arm" 07:00-08:11

Philip Levine 08:25-19:20
"Monsieur Degas Teaches Art And
Science at Durfee Intermediate School,
Detroit, 1942" 09:42-12:22
"You Can Have It" 13:20-16:17
"Coming Close" 16:49-19:18

Poetry and Work 19:23-25:45
Louis Jenkins, Philip Levine and Yusef
Komunyakaa
Yusef Komunyakaa, "Believing in Iron"
24:22-25:40

Joy Harjo 25:46-31:25
"For Anna Mae Pictou Aquash..."
27:16-31:00

Robert Creeley 31:26-36:22
"I Know a Man" 32:03-32:26
"So There" 32:32-36:19

A Shared Life of Poetry 36:23-43:22
Robert Hass and Brenda Hillman
Brenda Hillman: "Black Series"
41:48-42:43

Brenda Hillman 43:23-48:05
"Time Problem" 44:00-48:01

Jean Valentine 48:06-49:44
"To A Young Poet" 48:26-49:37

Advice to Young Poets/New Jersey High
School Poetry Winners 49:46-55:43
Philip Levine (advice) 50:10-50:43
Helen Yuton Lee 50:43-51:30
Allen Ginsberg (advice) 51:35-52:16
Regina Laba 52:16-53:41
Louis Jenkins (advice) 53:47-54:02
Eireann Corrigan 54:02-54:39
Benjamin Paloff 54:39-55:01
Tammara Lindsay 55:01-55:38

HOW TO USE THIS GUIDE

INTRODUCTION

POETRY HEAVEN is a three-part television series which captures many of the brightest and most memorable moments of the 1996 Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival. Produced and directed by Juan Mandelbaum, POETRY HEAVEN features eighteen poets whose personalities, voices, and points of view reflect the power and diversity of contemporary poetry. In readings and in conversations, these poets welcome us both into their poems and into their lives. Their vivid language helps us to see more clearly the mystery, the contradictions, the pain, and the simple joy in our own lives. While this guide is designed to be used with the series, it can also serve teachers as a free-standing resource for the study of contemporary poetry.

CONTENTS

This guide includes:

- ❖ **Classroom Cards** which may be photocopied and handed out to your students. Among them, you will find—

Thirteen Poet Cards. These include: a brief biography of each poet, selected poems that appear in the series, discussion questions, and classroom activities; and

One Panel/Conversation Card offering highlights of and questions about the series' four panel/conversations;

- ❖ an **Outline** of each program which identifies featured poets and events;
- ❖ a **Time Grid** which provides timed locations for poems and panel/conversations in POETRY HEAVEN;
- ❖ **Advice to Young Poets** which includes "To a Young Poet" by Jean Valentine and counsel by other poets in the series;
- ❖ a **Selected Bibliography** which includes representative works by series poets; and
- ❖ **Building a Core High School Poetry Collection.**

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

USING THE GUIDE

Each program in POETRY HEAVEN is sixty minutes. Readings of individual poems are continuous (even when edited for length) and may be preceded or followed by commentary and conversation. Check both the **Outline** and the **Time Grid** for each program to find the segments you would like to focus on in class. Because some of the poets deal with what may be considered sensitive or disturbing subjects, we recommend previewing the programs and reading the cards carefully before assigning any of these materials to your class.

The following steps will help optimize your use of both the programs and the guide:

Preview the program you would like to discuss, and choose the segments you would like to show in class. Remember: you can tape programs from POETRY HEAVEN and keep them for one year after the broadcast.

Have students watch the whole program on air, or show segments in class.

Hand out photocopies of the Classroom Cards.

Discuss what you have seen. You may use the questions that appear on the cards.

Have students do the activities.

Frequently, questions and activities that appear on the Poet Cards may be adapted for discussing the work of other poets.

A NOTE ON INTERDISCIPLINARY USE

This POETRY HEAVEN Teacher's Guide can be used in classes in the arts and social studies as well as in English classes. The poets in this series represent different cultures and different points of view. We encourage you to share these materials with your colleagues who are teaching other subjects.

PROGRAM SCHEDULING

POETRY HEAVEN will be offered by satellite to PBS stations nationwide. Please contact your local public television station for scheduling information. POETRY HEAVEN was first broadcast by NJN in April, 1998. Thirteen/WNET in New York will broadcast it on May 10, 1998. Educators have the right to tape the programs and play them for instructional purposes for one year after broadcast.

ROBERT HASS



© LYNN SAVILLE

“Almost all of my revising has to do with getting the relationship between being and dreaming so that it somehow feels to me like I’m telling the truth.”

The first Poet Laureate from the western United States (1995-1997), Robert Hass often writes about the landscapes of the San Francisco Bay area where he was born in 1940 and where he still lives with his wife, the poet Brenda Hillman. A distinguished translator, he teaches at the University of California at Berkeley.

POETRY
HEAVEN

Parts 1, 2, 3

from Regalia for a Black Hat Dancer

In the morning, after running along the river:
 ‘Creekstones practice the mild yoga of becoming smooth.’
 By afternoon I was thinking: once you’re smooth, you’re dead.
 ‘It is good sometimes that poetry should disenchant us,’
 I wrote, and something about ‘the heart’s huge vacancy,’
 which seemed contemptible. After dinner—sudden cooling
 of the summer air—I sat down to it. Where.

☪

Walking down to Heart’s Desire beach in the summer evenings
 of the year my marriage ended—

though I was hollowed out by pain,
 honeycombed with the emptiness of it,
 like the bird bones on the beach
 the salt of the bay water had worked on for a season—
 such surprising lightness in the hand—
 I don’t think I could have told the pain of loss
 from the pain of possibility,
 though I knew they weren’t the same thing.

When I think of that time, I think mainly of the osprey’s cry,
 a startled yelp,
 the cry more a color than a sound, and as if
 it ripped the sky, was white,
 as if it were scar tissue and fresh hurt at once.

*(continued)***haiku**

New Year’s Day—
 everything is in blossom!
 I feel about average.

*

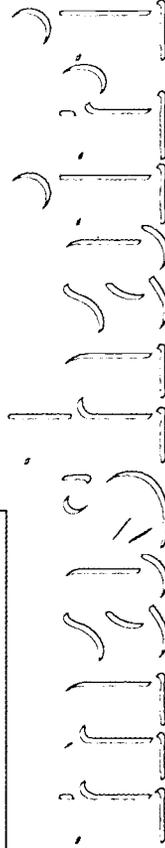
Don’t worry, spiders,
 I keep house
 casually.

*

Goes out,
 comes back—
 the loves of a cat.

*

Mosquito at my ear—
 does it think
 I’m deaf?



Have you ever “eaten the bones”?

from **Regalia for a Black Hat Dancer** (continued)

.....

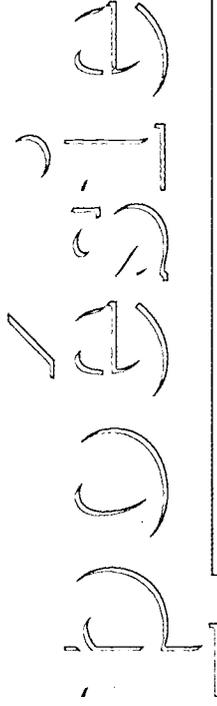
Private pain is easy, in a way. It doesn't go away,
but you can teach yourself to see its size. Invent a ritual.
Walk up a mountain in the afternoon, gather up pine twigs.
Light a fire, thin smoke, not an ambitious fire,
and sit before it and watch it till it burns to ash
and the last gleam is gone from it, and dark falls.
Then you get up, brush yourself off, and walk back to the world.
If you're lucky, you're hungry.

In the town center

of Kwangju, there was a late October market fair.
Some guy was barbecuing halves of baby chicks on a long, sooty
contraption
of a grill, slathering them with soy sauce. Baby chicks.
Corn pancakes stuffed with leeks and garlic. Some milky,
violent, sweet Korean barley wine or beer. Families strolling.
Booths hawking calculators, sox, dolls to ward off evil,
and computer games. Everywhere, of course, it was Korea,
people arguing politics, red-faced, women serving men.
I thought in this flesh-and-charcoal-scented heavy air
of the Buddha in his cave. Tired as if from making love
or writing through the night. Was I going to eat a baby chick?
Two pancakes. A clay mug of the beer. Sat down
under an umbrella and looked to see, among the diners
feasting, quarreling about their riven country,
if you were supposed to eat the bones. You were. I did.

Forty Something

She says to him, musing, "If you ever leave me,
and marry a younger woman and have another baby,
I'll put a knife in your heart." They are in bed,
so she climbs onto his chest, and looks directly
down into his eyes. "You understand? Your heart."



Questions

1. What state of mind do these haiku share?
2. In "Forty Something" why does only the woman speak? If the man were to speak, what would he say?
3. What does the speaker of "Regalia for a Black Hat Dancer" feel about eating baby chicks at the conclusion of the poem? Why does he eat them?

Activities

1. Create a portrait of one or more of these haiku using music, dance, or visual images.
2. Compare this printed excerpt from "Regalia for a Black Hat Dancer" with the slightly longer version on the videotape and then compare that version with the complete text on the Dodge Web site — www.grdodge.org/poetry). Describe how your experience of the poem changed with each added level of completeness.
3. Research the culture and recent history of Korea, then write a brief explanation of how the qualities of its culture and history might contribute to the overall effectiveness of "Regalia for a Black Hat Dancer."

"Forty Something" and "Regalia for a Black Hat Dancer" from SUN UNDER WOOD by Robert Hass. Copyright © 1996 by Robert Hass. Reprinted by permission of the Ecco Press. "New Year's Day..." "Don't worry spiders..." "Goes out..." and "Mosquito at my ear..." by Issa from THE ESSENTIAL HAIKU: VERSIONS OF BASHŌ, BUSON, AND ISSA, edited and verse translated by Robert Hass. Translation copyright © 1994 by Robert Hass. Reprinted by permission of the Ecco Press.

poésie is French for poetry

MARK DOTY

POETRY HEAVEN

Parts 1, 2



© LYNN SAVILLE

"The point is not to believe or to express one belief but to live in the contradictions, to live in the questions. Poetry can help us stay awake to the possibilities."

Mark Doty's poems explore the human experience of memory and anticipation—our preoccupation with the past and the future — and encourage us to live more in the present. Aspects of nature — especially animals — are central to his work, as is a concern for our ability to cope nobly and gracefully with what is beyond our control. Mark Doty was born in 1953 in Memphis, Tennessee.

What have you done with
the hurtful names people
have given to you?

Charlie Howard's Descent

Between the bridge and the river
he falls through
a huge portion of night;
it is not as if falling

is something new. Over and over
he slipped into the gulf
between what he knew and how
he was known. What others wanted

opened like an abyss: the laughing
stock-clerks at the grocery, women
at the luncheonette amused by his gestures.
What could he do, live

with one hand tied
behind his back? So he began to fall
into the star-faced section
of night between the trestle

and the water because he could not meet
a little town's demands,
and his earrings shone and his wrists
were as limp as they were.

I imagine he took the insults in
and made of them a place to live;
we learn to use the names
because they are there,

familiar furniture: *faggot*
was the bed he slept in, hard
and white, but simple somehow,
queer something sharp

but finally useful, a tool,
all the jokes a chair,
stiff-backed to keep the spine straight,
a table, a lamp. And because

he's fallen for twenty-three years,
despite whatever awkwardness
his flailing arms and legs assume
he is beautiful

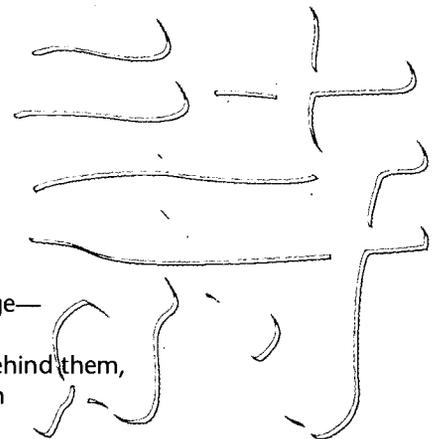
and like any good diver
has only an edge of fear
he transforms into grace.
Or else he is not afraid,

and in this way climbs back
up the ladder of his fall,
out of the river into the arms
of the three teenage boys

who hurled him from the edge—
really boys now, afraid,
their fathers' cars shivering behind them,
headlights on—and tells them

it's all right, that he knows
they didn't believe him
when he said he couldn't swim,
and blesses his killers

in the way that only the dead
can afford to forgive.



Beau: Golden Retrievals

Fetch? Balls and sticks engage my attention
seconds at a time. Catch? I don't think so.
Bunny, tumbling leaf, a squirrel who's—oh
joy—actually scared. Sniff the wind, then

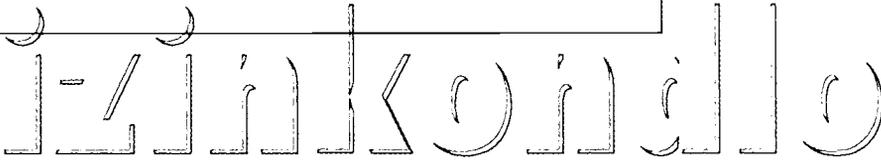
I'm off again: muck, pond, ditch, residue
of any thrillingly dead thing. And you?
Either you're sunk in the past, half our walk,
thinking of what you can never bring back,
or else you're off in some fog concerning
—tomorrow, is that what it's called? My work:
to unsnare time's warp (and woof!), retrieving,
my haze-headed friend, you. This shining bark,

a Zen master's bronzy gong, calls you here,
entirely now: bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow.

—Beau

Questions

1. In "Beau: Golden Retrievals," how is the dog's point of view different from that of its owner?
2. Mark Doty says that "poetry can make a shape, make a kind of vessel that contains feeling...." What kind of feelings does "Beau: Golden Retrievals" contain?
3. Compare "Charlie Howard's Descent" with Joy Harjo's "For Anna Mae Pictou Aquash." What are the similarities in subject matter and in tone? How are Charlie Howard and Anna Mae Aquash alike? What do the poems imply about being a member of a minority group?



Activities

1. Mark Doty says that his writing "always begins out of something that I need to make for me, something that I need to understand or to try to place into an order." Use the process of writing to create something you want to make for yourself or to understand something important. Begin by writing whatever comes into your head. Later, work with the words to try to create a meaningful "shape" that helps you express yourself and reach an understanding.

2. Write a poem, monologue, or song in which an animal speaks to you the way Beau speaks to Mark Doty. Describe what the animal says and what you learn from the animal.

3. Mark Doty says he uses writing as a way of rising above prejudice toward him and as a way of taking pride in his life. Create your own badge of honor—something that gives you pride in who you are. It could be a poem, a group of poems, or anything you choose to make.

"Beau: Golden Retrievals" by Mark Doty. From UNLEASHED: POEMS BY WRITER'S DOGS by Jim Shepard and Amy Hempel. Copyright © 1995 by Amy Hempel and Jim Shepard. Reprinted by permission of Crown Publishers, Inc. "Charlie Howard's Descent" from TURTLE, SWAN by Mark Doty. Reprinted by permission of David R. Godine, Publisher, Inc. Copyright © 1987 by Mark Doty.

THYLIAS MOSS

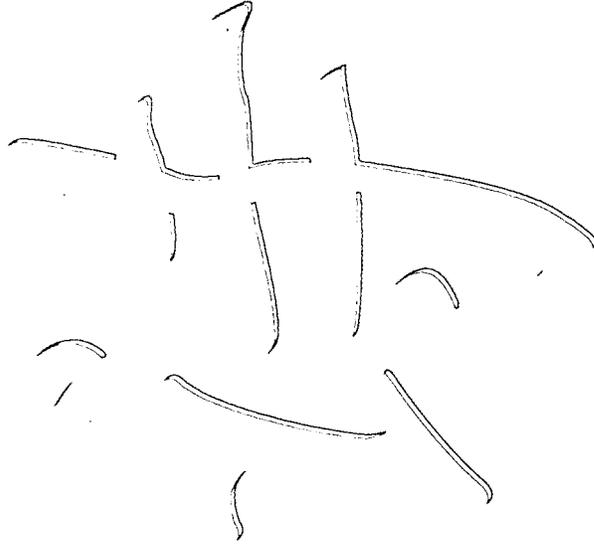
"Everything that I write acknowledges some sort of living that occurred."

In tough, no-nonsense poems, Thylia Moss explores issues of identity, including race, gender, nationality, family relationships, and occupation. Born in Cleveland, Ohio in 1954, she finds power in using words "to cure, to remake, to place things as they should be." She feels there is "no limitation" in her ability to do so.



© LYNN SAVILLE

How well have
you made
your bed?



POEM FOR MY MOTHERS AND OTHER MAKERS OF ASAFETIDA

Brown in the bottle, my honeyed memory of my grandmother in which I drench myself, pour over myself one of her tight hugs, homemade gravy on lips and ribs, eventually hips, *taste her, taste her* and feast on my church in a bottle, the gospel like Sis. Posey sings it, *oh when, when will I get home?* Looking over Dixie, over Jordan, river of life, needing to cross (already got a cross), needing to swim to *Jordan's stormy other shore*, listen: the brown choir's brown liquid voice, my arms moving me through it, swimming is just directing the choir, giving instructions, *Mama always told me to be still sometimes and feel the power*; wait while the river moves down my throat, urine the rest of the miracle that makes of me a fountain; nasty asafetida, tastes like the bootleg, jackleg medicine it is curing me as only generations can, asafetida is a *quilt for my imarms*, she said, up to her neck in gizzards, hocks, pickled pig's feet, her hands good as dull knives that can't have accidents. And everywhere, everywhere eggs like teeth big as what memory does to Grandma. Even the heart of gold.

Finally

the asafetida toast just after gunfire, the new year shot for coming uninvited, ahead of schedule, years coming and going, out of control, Trojan years bringing lots of what we don't want set loose in foreclosed fields of stone potatoes so hardhearted, hardheaded there are no eyes except the ones I look into and fall in love, right into Mama's pupils, the past dark with dense ancestry, all who came before having to fit into the available space of

(continued)

THYLIAS MOSS

POEM FOR MY MOTHERS AND OTHER MAKERS OF ASAFETIDA (continued)

history which is existence's memory and year after year the overcrowding worsens, *remember*; *remember*: *darkest before the day every dog will have*, we are dogs sometimes, vestiges of our evolution giving us dreams, instincts, secrets for dark recall; nothing really goes away especially not that sickening paradox, falling to reach the sublime emotion; want to rise in love, want a boost, elevator ride to the penthouse, silk jacket smoking with lust, man making it with an asafetida bottle, a glass mama with an excuse for breaking; whatever sustains you is your mama, that wall holding back wind, jazz on the airwaves and in the Thunderbird, the Boone's Farm; the oar smacking discipline into fish while ferrying you across the water that takes you back to old Virginy, every visit is return to the scene of crimes, so much happened there, so much history there; rivers are sad affairs flowing between past and future like pompous blue (if sunny) ribbons that must deepen, widen or spill to really go anywhere and still there are limits, disillusionment to cap any growth, live to the fullest and just have more to lose to death but Grandma said, Mama says, now I say: *maybe possible to have so much death can't take it all*; asafetida still on the shelf, oil in the puddle still ghetto stained glass, still rainbow remnants in rock bottom ghetto sky like a promise of no more tears, asafetida bottle floating there, some kind of Moses, some kind of deliverer, there's always a way. Away means not here. Place where bagpipes echo with sound of a stuck doll calling *Mama*, *Mama*, nothing but inspiration in the air, and the prophet Jolson proclaiming *Mammy*, asking for her who can make him wash his face; she's the one who can turn it into something to love.

A NAGGING MISUNDERSTANDING

Let me clear up a nagging misunderstanding: This is the way to make the white woman's bed; she thinks I make it because she is rich, she thinks I make it to get her money, that I can't get money any other way, no skills, no intelligence, no contribution to society but for her four poster, but I make her bed because on judgment day, you will have to sleep in the bed you made and I make damn good ones but she didn't make any.

KOŁTÉS-ET

Questions

1. How is "Poem for my Mothers and Other Makers of Asafetida" a poem of memory? What specific words and images does the poet use to convey this impression?
2. Thylias Moss says that in going to church as a child, she was "taken more with the delivery from the preacher." She continues, "This man could cause great commotion with just his voice." How does her reading of the poem reflect her childhood experience?
3. How does Thylias Moss's reading of the poem differ from the poem on the page?

Activities

1. Research information about asafetida. Describe the use of a similar product in your own life or in someone else's. Explain why such a product often has a lasting memory for users.
2. Identify someone whose manner of speaking you admire. Describe what impresses you about the person's way of speaking. In a small group, read something the way that person might read it. Use facial, hand, and other bodily gestures that the person might use. Describe the experience of impersonating someone.
3. "A Nagging Misunderstanding" draws on an aphorism — "sleeping in the bed you make." Choose another aphorism or proverb, and create a poem around it. Use irony and humor the way Thylias Moss did.

"The naming of the natural world is, to me, an act of praise and honoring and gratitude."

Pattiann Rogers has written six books of poetry in which she celebrates the grandeur of "all nature, even our own." She was born in 1940 in Joplin, Missouri, and spent the first twenty years of her life there. Since leaving Missouri, she has lived in Texas and now lives in Colorado.



© LYNN SAVILLE

The Hummingbird: A Seduction

If I were a female hummingbird perched still
And quiet on an upper myrtle branch
In the spring afternoon and if you were a male
Alone in the whole heavens before me, having parted
Yourself, for me, from cedar top and honeysuckle stem
And earth down, your body hovering in midair
Far away from the jewelweed, thistle and bee balm;

And if I watched how you fell, plummeting before me,
And how you rose again and fell, with such mastery
That I believed for a moment *you* were the sky
And the red-marked bird diving inside your circumference
Was just the physical revelation of the light's
Most perfect desire;

And if I saw your sweeping and sucking
Performance of swirling egg and semen in the air,
The weaving, twisting vision of red petal
And nectar and soaring rump, the rush of your wing
In its grand confusion of arcing and splitting
Created completely out of nothing just for me,

Then when you came down to me, I would call you
My own spinning bloom of ruby sage, my funnelling
Storm of sunlit sperm and pollen, my only breathless
Piece of scarlet sky, and I would bless the base
Of each of your feathers and touch the tine
Of string muscles binding your wings and taste
The odor of your glistening oils and hunt
The honey in your crimson flare
And I would take you and take you and take you
Deep into any kind of nest you ever wanted.

Question

Pattiann Rogers uses the mating behavior of a hummingbird as a metaphor for her fantasy of romantic courtship. How does her development of that metaphor illuminate human capacity for language and love?

Activities

1. What is your fantasy of the stages of courtship between two people? Use metaphor to express your ideas in writing.
2. Choose some non-human object from nature and personify it the way Pattiann Rogers did with the hummingbirds. Choose more than one object, if you like. Describe an event using aspects of both the non-human object (or objects) and humans, including physical descriptions and behavior. Your description may be in the form of a poem, play, essay, or painting.

"The Hummingbird: A Seduction" is by Pattiann Rogers from FIREKEEPER (Milkweed Editions, © 1994). Reprinted with permission from Milkweed Editions. Previously published in *The Tattaeed Lady in the Garden*.

pjesništvo

What kind of bird would
you like to be?
What kind of bird are you?

CAROL MUSKE

POETRY
HEAVEN

Part 1

"Poems find a way to hold time for us so that we lose track of the temporal structure of our lives, and memorizing a poem does the same thing."

Carol Muske (born in St. Paul, Minnesota in 1945) has published six volumes of poetry and two novels. She teaches English and Creative Writing at the University of Southern California and writes regularly for the *New York Times* and *The Nation*. She is married to the actor David Dukes and lives in Los Angeles.



© LYNN SAVILLE

Talk Show

Our host was a diamond stickpin,
a star,
and I sat on his couch all night
recalling my childhood.
The kliegs leaned for me,
as I sunned
under the illusion of height.

Our host bowed his head
admitting that there was an Asia,
that death was a fact for us.
I forgave Hollywood its wars,
the perpetual monsoon.
I forgave our coronor
for the cockfights,
the miles of dead cypress,
and courted fame,
my face smiling away from my face.

Who said the host
are you?
And I smiled *my* smile
as the band played half time
and the word APPLAUSE rose
like a shrewd moon
over Mother Pacific.

What is one way you learned to
love, and how did you learn it?

from **AN OCTAVE ABOVE THUNDER**

2

The Dakota in her speech—windy,
oddly shepherded, always bending—
ilits of Czech and Norwegian, dumb cousin Swede.

How had my task become shaking free those words
from the rhythms of her voice into the imperatives
of the poets who wrote them—

When everything whirling otherwise
in my head re-settled syntax? From her I learned
a further thing. I heard it in her riptide parataxis:

compassion. Her wrong emphasis on the right
words shunted a way to love, the only kind I knew.

Words: off-kilter, oddly phrased and therefore
inevitable. Stumbling orphaned heart, awake at
that first funeral—who was she? Sixteen,

standing at her mother's grave. Iris, iris—
salutatorian and the smell of lilac,
sabotaged.

"Talk Show" from CAMOUFLAGE, by Carol Muske, © 1975. Reprinted by permission of the University of Pittsburgh Press. "An Octave Above Thunder" from AN OCTAVE ABOVE THUNDER by Carol Muske. Copyright © 1997 by Carol Muske. Used by permission of Penguin, a division of Penguin Putnam, Inc.

ПОЭЗИЯ is Russian for poetry

ИНОЗЕМЦА

Questions

1. How would you describe the arc of feeling in the excerpt from "An Octave Above Thunder"? What is the effect of ending the poem with the word "sabotaged" as its final line?
2. How does the speaker in "Talk Show" feel about the event in which she/he is participating?

Activities

1. With another person, silently enact the scene presented in "Talk Show." Let your gestures and facial expressions alone tell the story in the poem.
2. Consider the speech patterns of someone close to you. Try to identify and describe those speech patterns and then list the human qualities they reveal.

GERALD STERN

POETRY HEAVEN

Part 1

"By and large there is a lovely sense of kinship among poets, as if we all share some secret that we can't quite name—what it is to be a poet."

Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1925, Gerald Stern often lays claim to places and things other people have abandoned. His poems explore past time and heritage, seeking to relocate them in an ecstatic present. Having taught at dozens of colleges and universities, he now lives in Lambertville, New Jersey and in Manhattan.



© LYNN SAVILLE

Who would you like to follow? And how far?

Questions

1. What forces does the speaker in this poem want to bring back into his arms?
2. Based on this brief sample, what qualities do the poems of Whitman and Stern actually have in common? How do their poems differ?

Activities

1. Compare the printed excerpt above with the full text of section VIII of "Hot Dog" on the Dodge website (www.grdodge.org/poetry) and describe the effect of this editing on your experience of the poem.
2. Research the life and poetry of Walt Whitman and compare what you find with the picture provided here by Stern.

"Hot Dog" from ODD MERCY: POEMS by Gerald Stern. Copyright ©1995 by Gerald Stern. Used by arrangement with W.W. Norton & Company, Inc.

from **Hot Dog, Section VIII**

I followed Whitman through half of Camden, across on the ferry and back to Water Street; I lay down on his bed and pushed my hand against the wall to bring the forces back into my arms; I sang something from *Carmen*, something from *La Bohème*, and held my right hand up in the old salute as music from my favorite regiment came through the window glass as if to translate not only the dust of those marching feet but the pails of lopped-off arms and legs. I lay there thinking, when I was dead—when he was dead—there would be ten or more diseases, God knows what they'd find if they cut him open, consumption, pneumonia, fatty liver, gallstones, spongy abscesses, collapsed lungs, tuberculosis of the stomach, swollen brains. I lay there thinking his death was lovely, just what he wanted. Mickle Street was filled with people, for half a day, they stood in front of the house and walked inside to stare at the corpse. Thousands followed him to the grave and filled up the giant tent or crowded the grass around the tent, the grass he loved, the handkerchief, the uncut powdered hair. How cunning it was for them to walk on his head, he with that haircut, he with that lotion, he whose grass kept growing through all the speeches. . . .

. . . His last good thought was how he scattered blossoms, I called them, he said, O blossoms of my blood! O slender leaves, you burn and sting me, it is your roots I love, it is this death I love, I called it exhilarating, twice now, out of my breast the dark grass grew, I will never utter a call only their call, put your hand in mine, incline your face. Do you remember the body? Do you remember lawlessness? I turned around to face the window, . . .

. . . the church is gone, there is a huge county jail across the way, . . .

. . . the soot and smoke are gone, the ferry goes back and forth only to the new blue-and-white aquarium, and there is a thing called "Mickle Towers" two blocks down, and acres of grass now and empty bottles—that at least hasn't changed; I hiss one word from my Phoenician, the bed is too narrow, a bird is actually singing out there.

POETRY

LÊ THI DIEM THÚY

POETRY
HEAVEN

Part 2

"A lot of what I want to capture with words is the slipperiness of language and the slipperiness of experience."

In her poems, Lê Thi Diem Thúy explores issues of memory, personal and political violence, and dislocation. Born in South Vietnam in 1972, she was raised in California. In 1995, she created a one-woman show with music, drama, and poetry that explored the same themes as her poetry.



© LYNN SAVILLE

Big girl, Little girl

*wearing her dress
like i wear her name*

don't you know
sweat makes it mine
it means i'm here and living
when it was yours you drenched it in
ocean
water
soaked it wet with your death
ma had to keep it in the silky compartment of her suitcase
folded small and tight like a secret
and like a secret, it never dried

...

if i hadn't dragged this dress out of the attic
it would have spilled out
and me,
the biggest girl now that you're gone
i would have had to swish you round the floor
until everything you spilled was soaked dry
by this dress

...

isn't it better
i dry it on my body
each drop of sweat
pushing back the waves so that
when i'm the age you left
dying
i will have pushed the entire ocean out
and gone leaping across it
both legs kicking in the air
the way we used to leap over jump ropes
running to meet on the other side

it didn't even touch me, we'd say

"Big girl, Little girl" by Lê Thi Diem Thúy.
Reprinted by permission of the author.

What makes something
truly yours?

Questions

1. What conclusions can you draw about how the girl died, the poet's relationship to the girl, the poet's attitudes toward the girl, and why the poet avoided saying exactly how the girl died?
2. What does the poet fantasize that wearing the dress will do for her? How do her memories contribute to that fantasy?

Activities

1. Create a real or fantasy memorial to someone who is no longer alive. Identify and describe objects that you would include in the memorial and explain their meaning to you and what they might have meant to the person who died.
2. Think about some things that seem to you slippery in language and in your experience. Write a poem, essay, or story that captures some of that slipperiness.

Big girl, Little girl

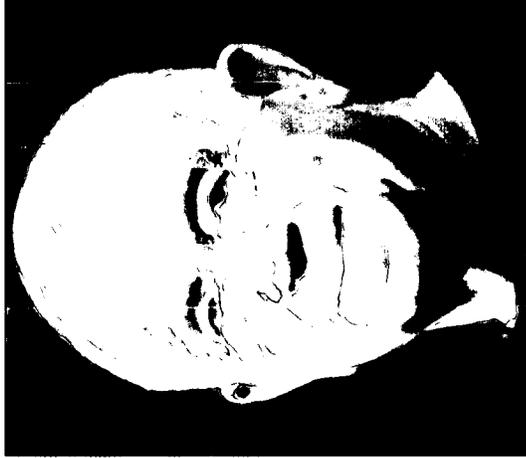
YEHUDA AMICHAÏ

POETRY HEAVEN

Part 1

*"We all write for this moment,
and that's where eternity is."*

Yehuda Amichai was born in 1924 in Germany and emigrated with his parents to Palestine in 1935. He now lives in Jerusalem. A veteran soldier, he fought in WWII, the Israeli War of Independence (1948), the Sinai Campaign (1956), and the Yom Kippur War (1973). His work has been translated into thirty-three languages.



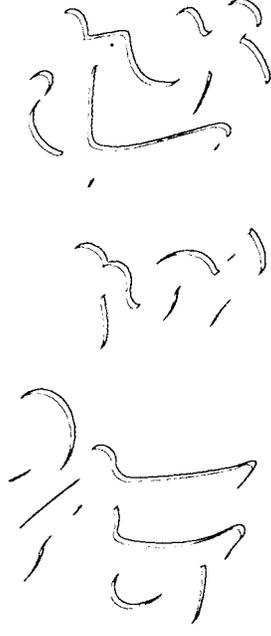
© LYNN SAVILLE

God Takes Pity on Kindergarten Children

God takes pity on kindergarten children,
Less on schoolchildren.
On grownups, He won't take pity anymore.
He leaves them alone.
Sometime they have to crawl on all fours
In the blazing sand,
To get to the first aid station
Dripping blood.

Maybe He will take pity and cast His shadow
On those who truly love
As a tree on someone sleeping on the bench
On a boulevard.

Maybe we too will spend on them
The last coins of favor
Mother bequeathed us,
So their bliss will protect us
Now and in other days.



1924

I was born in 1924. If I were a violin my age
I wouldn't be very good. As a wine I would be splendid
Or altogether sour. As a dog I would be dead. As a book
I would begin to be expensive or thrown out by now.
As a forest I would be young, as a machine ridiculous,
And as a human being I'm very tired.

I was born in 1924. When I think about humanity
I think just about those born in my year.
Their mothers gave birth with my mother,
Wherever they were, in hospitals or in dark flats.

On this day, my birthday, I would like
To say a great prayer for you,
Whose load of hopes and disappointments
Pulls your life downward,
Whose deeds diminish
And whose gods increase,
You are all brothers of my hope and companions of my despair.

May you find the right rest,
The living in their life, the dead in their death.

He who remembers his childhood better
Than others is the winner,
If there are any winners at all.

Who or what is your one suitcase
that returns and disappears again?

EHUDA AMICHAÏ

Little Ruth

Sometimes I remember you, little Ruth,
We were separated in our distant childhood and they burned you in the
camps.

If you were alive now, you would be a woman of sixty-five,
A woman on the verge of old age. At twenty you were burned
And I don't know what happened to you in your short life
Since we separated. What did you achieve, what insignia
Did they put on your shoulders, your sleeves, your
Brave soul, what shining stars

Did they pin on you, what decorations for valor, what
Medals for love hung around your neck,
What peace upon you, *peace unto you*.

And what happened to the unused years of your life?
Are they still packed away in pretty bundles,
Were they added to my life? Did you turn me
Into your bank of love like the banks in Switzerland
Where assets are preserved even after their owners are dead?
Will I leave all this to my children
Whom you never saw?

You gave your life to me, like a wine dealer
Who remains sober himself.
You sober in death, lucid in the dark
For me, drunk on life, wallowing in my forgetfulness.
Now and then, I remember you in times
Unbelievable. And in places not made for memory
But for the transient, the passing that does not remain.
As in an airport, when the arriving travelers
Stand tired at the revolving conveyor belt
That brings their suitcases and packages,
And they identify theirs with cries of joy
As at a resurrection and go out into their lives;
And there is one suitcase that returns and disappears again
And returns again, ever so slowly, in the empty hall,
Again and again it passes.
This is how your quiet figure passes by me,
This is how I remember you until
The conveyor belt stands still. *And they stood still. Amen.*

POESÍA

"God Takes Pity on Kindergarten Children," "1924" and "Little Ruth" by Yehuda Amichai. From YEHUDA AMICHAÏ, A LIFE OF POETRY, 1948-1994. Selected and translated by Benjamin and Barbara Harshav. Copyright © 1994 by HarperCollins Publishers, Inc. Hebrew-language version copyright © 1994 by Yehuda Amichai.

27

Questions

1. Why does the speaker in "Little Ruth" particularly remember Little Ruth "in places not made for memory"? Why does this poem end with "Amen"?
2. The most recent English translation of "Kindergarten Children" uses "Has" instead of "Takes" in the title and in the first line. What is the effect of changing this one word?

Activities

1. Make a list of the qualities you would now have if you were not yourself, but something else which also came into being during the year of your birth. Organize this list so as to give it maximum meaning and surprise.
2. Reflect upon Amichai's introduction to "Little Ruth" on the videotape and research the fate of Jewish children during the Holocaust. Write an explanation of how poetry can help us to approach such extreme experiences.

ALLEN GINSBERG

POETRY
HEAVEN

Parts 2, 3

"Take a friendly attitude toward your thoughts, no matter how outrageous, how zany, how disgusting, or how great."

Born in Newark, New Jersey in 1926, Allen Ginsberg was the central figure among Beat Poets. Travel, study, and spiritual explorations led to his "improvised poetry": spontaneous utterance linked to music and the communal role of the poet in the ancient bardic tradition. He lived on Manhattan's Lower East Side until his death in April, 1997.



© LYNN SAVILLE

Allegro

A D A

If you want to learn how to me - di - tate I'll

3 E A

tell you how 'cause it's no - ver too late I'll

5 D A

tell you how 'cause I can't wait it's

7 E

just that great that it's ne - ver too late

9 A

Do the me - di - ta - tion

10 D

Do the me - di - ta - tion

11 A E

lean a lit - tle Pa - tience and Ge - ne - ro - si - ty Ge - ne

13 D

ro - si - ty Gen - ne - ro - si - ty Ge - ne

15 A E A DC

ro - si - ty and Ge - ne - ro - si - ty

Do the Meditation Rock

Tune: *I fought the Dharma, and the Dharma won*

If you want to learn	how to meditate
I'll tell you now	'cause it's never too late
I'll tell you how	'cause I can't wait
it's just that great	that it's never too late
If you are an old	fraud like me
or a lama who lives	in Eternity
The first thing you do	when you meditate
is keep your spine	your backbone straight
Sit yourself down	on a pillow on the ground
or sit in a chair	if the ground isn't there
<i>Do the meditation</i>	<i>Do the meditation</i>
<i>Learn a little Patience and Generosity</i>	

(continued)

dichtkunst

ALLEN GINSBERG

Do the Meditation Rock (continued)

Follow your breath out
and sit there steady
Follow your breath right
follow it out
Follow your breath
to the thought of yr death
Follow your breath
whatever you think

Do the meditation

Learn a little Patience and Generosity

Generosity Generosity Generosity & Generosity

All you got to do
you're sitting meditating
when thoughts catch up
forget what you thought
Laurel Hardy Uncle Don
you don't have to drop
If you see a vision come
play it dumb
if you want a holocaust
it just went past

Do the meditation

Learn a little Patience

If you see Apocalypse
or a flying saucer
If you feel a little bliss
give your wife a kiss
If you can't think straight
it's never too late

Do the meditation
so your body & mind

Do the meditation

Learn a little Patience

If you sit for an hour
you can tell the Superpower
you can tell the Superpower
& to stop & meditate

Do the meditation

Get yourself together

& Generosity Generosity Generosity & Generosity!

open your eyes
& sit there wise
outta your nose
as far as it goes
but don't hang on
in old Saigon
when thought forms rise
it's a big surprise

Do the meditation

is to imitate
and you're never too late
but your breath goes on
about Uncle Don
Charlie Chaplin Uncle Don
your nuclear bomb
say Hello Goodbye
with an empty eye
you can recall your mind
with the Western wind

Do the meditation

& Generosity

in a long red car
sit where you are
don't worry about that
when your tire goes flat
& you don't know who to call
to do nothing at all
follow your breath
get together for a rest

Do the meditation

and Generosity

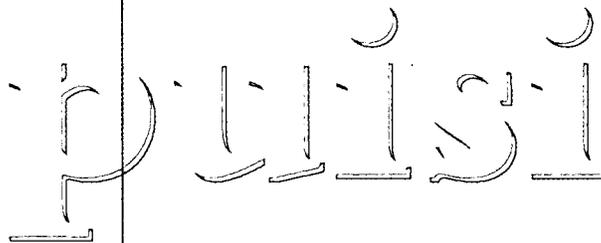
or a minute every day
to sit the same way
to watch and wait
'cause it's never too late.

Do the meditation

lots of Energy

Generosity & Generosity!

St. Mark's Place, Xmas 1981



Questions

1. What does this poem suggest are the benefits of meditation?
2. How does the music scored for this poem contribute to our experience of it?

Activities

1. Assemble a group that includes at least one musician with an instrument and take turns singing or chanting alternate sections of the poem—whole stanzas or only the refrain lines.
2. Research Buddhist Samatha-Vipassana sitting practice of meditation and describe the relationship between what this poem prescribes and traditional practice.
3. Follow the directions offered by this poem and describe your experience.

"Do the Meditation Rock" by Allen Ginsberg. From SELECTED POEMS 1947-1995. Copyright © 1996 by Allen Ginsberg. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers, Inc.

"A lot of my writing has been trying to move into those silent places to what I can't remember, to what I am told I shouldn't remember."

Marie Howe has written two books of poetry and edited a book of writings which address the AIDS pandemic. Her poems explore the spiritual aspects of daily life, including awareness of living and of dying. She also emphasizes recovering lost or repressed memories—reclaiming experiences that may have been too frightening to remember.



© LYNN SAVILLE

Sixth Grade

The afternoon the neighborhood boys tied me and Mary Lou Mahar to Donny Ralph's father's garage doors, spread-eagled, it was the summer they chased us almost every day.

Careening across the lawns they'd mowed for money, on bikes they threw down, they'd catch us, lie on top of us, then get up and walk away.

That afternoon Donny's mother wasn't home. His nine sisters and brothers gone—even Gramps, who lived with them, gone somewhere—the backyard empty, the big house quiet.

A gang of boys. They pulled the heavy garage doors down, and tied us to them with clothesline, and Donny got the deer's leg severed from the buck his dad had killed

the year before, dried up and still fur-covered, and sort of poked it at us, dancing around the blacktop in his sneakers, laughing. Then somebody took it from Donny and did it.

And then somebody else, and somebody after him. Then Donny pulled up Mary Lou's dress and held it up, and she began to cry, and I became a boy again, and shouted Stop,

and they wouldn't. Then a girl-boy, calling out to Charlie, my best friend's brother, who wouldn't look

Charlie! To my brother's friend who knew me Stop them. And he wouldn't. And then more softly, and looking directly at him, I said, Charlie.

And he said Stop. And they said What? And he said Stop it. And they did, quickly untying the ropes, weirdly quiet, Mary Lou still weeping. And Charlie? Already gone.

ΠΩΕΤΡΙ

How does it feel to say, "Stop it," to one group of friends on behalf of another friend?

What the Living Do

Johnny, the kitchen sink has been clogged for days, some utensil probably fell down there.

And the Drano won't work but smells dangerous, and the crusty dishes have piled up

waiting for the plumber I still haven't called. This is the everyday we spoke of.

It's winter again: the sky's a deep headstrong blue, and the sunlight pours through

the open living room windows because the heat's on too high in here, and I can't turn it off.

For weeks now, driving, or dropping a bag of groceries in the street, the bag breaking,

I've been thinking: This is what the living do. And yesterday, hurrying along those

wobbly bricks in the Cambridge sidewalk, spilling my coffee down my wrist and sleeve,

I thought it again, and again later, when buying a hairbrush: This is it. Parking. Slamming the car door shut in the cold. What you called *that yearning*.

What you finally gave up. We want the spring to come and the winter to pass. We want whoever to call or not call, a letter, a kiss—we want more and more and then more of it.

But there are moments, walking, when I catch a glimpse of myself in the window glass, say, the window of the corner video store, and I'm gripped by a cherishing so deep

for my own blowing hair, chapped face, and unbuttoned coat that I'm speechless:

I am living, I remember you.

Questions

1. In "Sixth Grade" Marie Howe looks back on a painful childhood experience. What value do you think this reflection and retelling have for her?

2. How does the poet's choice of specific words and phrases in "Sixth Grade" reflect the fact that the children were young?

3. What does the poem "What the Living Do" tell you about the way in which the poet is mourning someone who has died? What emotions does the poem convey?

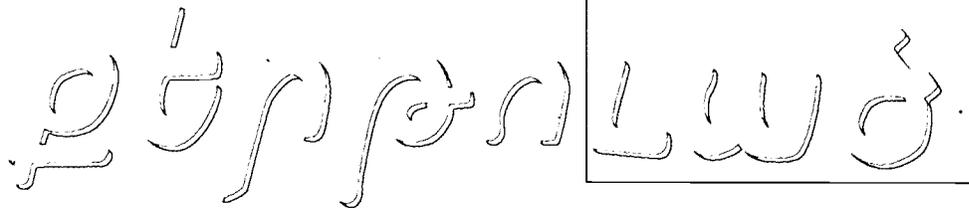
4. What do you think "What the Living Do" conveys to "the living"?

Activities

1. Think about a time when you or someone else had the power to stop something that could have hurt another person. Describe how you or the other person used the power — or didn't use it — and what the outcome was.

2. How might one of the other children in "Sixth Grade" tell the story? Write a poem or scene from the point of view of one of the other kids.

3. Make a list of everyday things that remind you of someone who is no longer in your daily life. Describe how those things help you to remember that person.



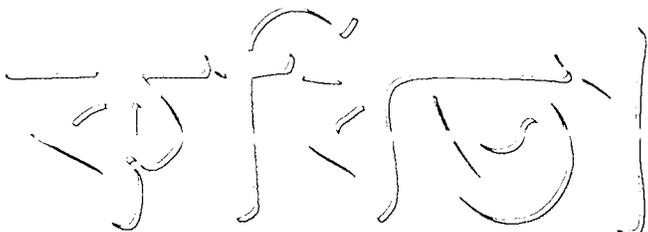
"I am interested in how beauty and terror are in the same frame—that you can place them side by side and that they create a certain kind of tension."

Born in Bogalusa, Louisiana in 1947, Yusef Komunyakaa was the first black man to win a Pulitzer Prize for Poetry (1994). A Vietnam veteran, he did not write about the war until more than a decade after returning to the United States. He has published nine books of poetry and teaches at Princeton University.



© LYNN SAVILLE

When was the last time
you were a window,
and how did it feel?



History Lessons

1

Squinting up at leafy sunlight, I stepped back
& shaded my eyes, but couldn't see what she pointed to.
The courthouse lawn where the lone poplar stood
Was almost flat as a pool table. Twenty-five
Years earlier it had been a stage for half the town:
Cain & poor white trash. A picnic on saint augustine
Grass. No, I couldn't see the piece of blonde rope.
I stepped closer to her, to where we were almost
In each other's arms, & then spotted the flayed
Tassel of wind-whipped hemp knotted around a limb
Like a hank of hair, a weather-whitened bloom
In hungry light. That was where they prodded him
Up into the flatbed of a pickup.

2

We had coffee & chicory with lots of milk,
Hoecakes, bacon, & gooseberry jam. She told me
How a white woman in The Terrace
Said that she shot a man who tried to rape her,
How their car lights crawled sage fields
Midnight to daybreak, how a young black boxer
Was running & punching the air at sunrise,
How they tarred & feathered him & dragged the corpse
Behind a Model T through the Mill Quarters,
How they dumped the prizefighter on his mother's doorstep,
How two days later three boys
Found a white man dead under the trestle
In blackface, the woman's bullet
In his chest, his head on a clump of sedge.

3

When I stepped out on the back porch
The pick-up man from Bogalusa Dry Cleaners
Leaned against his van, with an armload
Of her Sunday dresses, telling her
Emmett Till had begged for it
With his damn wolf whistle.
She was looking at the lye-scoured floor,
White as his face. The hot words
Swarmed out of my mouth like African bees
& my fists were cocked,
Hammers in the air. He popped
The clutch when he turned the corner,
As she pulled me into her arms
& whispered, *Son, you ain't gonna live long.*

Thanks

Thanks for the tree
between me & a sniper's bullet.
I don't know what made the grass
sway seconds before the Viet Cong
raised his soundless rifle.
Some voice always followed,
telling me which foot
to put down first.
Thanks for deflecting the ricochet
against that anarchy of dusk.
I was back in San Francisco
wrapped up in a woman's wild colors,
causing some dark bird's love call
to be shattered by daylight
when my hands reached up
& pulled a branch away
from my face. Thanks
for the vague white flower
that pointed to the gleaming metal
reflecting how it is to be broken
like mist over the grass,
as we played some deadly
game for blind gods.
What made me spot the monarch
writhing on a single thread
tied to a farmer's gate,
holding the day together
like an unfingered guitar string,
is beyond me. Maybe the hills
grew weary & leaned a little in the heat.
Again, thanks for the dud
hand grenade tossed at my feet
outside Chu Lai. I'm still
falling through its silence.
I don't know why the intrepid
sun touched the bayonet,
but I know that something
stood among those lost trees
& moved only when I moved.

Facing It

My black face fades,
hiding inside the black granite.
I said I wouldn't,
dammit: No tears.
I'm stone. I'm flesh.
My clouded reflection eyes me
like a bird of prey, the profile of night
slanted against morning. I turn
this way—the stone lets me go.
I turn that way—I'm inside
the Vietnam Veterans Memorial
again, depending on the light
to make a difference.
I go down the 58,022 names,
half-expecting to find
my own in letters like smoke.
I touch the name Andrew Johnson;
I see the booby trap's white flash.
Names shimmer on a woman's blouse
but when she walks away
the names stay on the wall.
Brushstrokes flash, a red bird's
wings cutting across my stare.
The sky. A plane in the sky.
A white vet's image floats
closer to me, then his pale eyes
look through mine. I'm a window.
He's lost his right arm
inside the stone. In the black mirror
a woman's trying to erase names:
No, she's brushing a boy's hair.

ingá tula

Questions

1. Why give thanks for a "monarch/ writhing on a single thread/ tied to a farmer's gate"?
2. How could a white vet lose his right arm inside the stone?
3. What are the history lessons in "History Lessons"?

Activities

1. Make a list of moments when you had the feeling of being eerily protected. Describe what these moments have in common.
2. With music, dance, or visual images create an experience which illustrates "Facing It."
3. Describe how your experience of "History Lessons" changes when you have access to sections 2 and 3, which were not on the videotape.

Yusef Komunyakaa, "Thanks" and "Facing It" from NEON VERNACULAR © 1993 by Yusef Komunyakaa, Wesleyan University Press, by permission of University Press of New England. "History Lessons" from MAGIC CITY © 1992 by Yusef Komunyakaa, Wesleyan University Press, by permission of University Press of New England.

LOUIS JENKINS

POETRY HEAVEN

Parts 2, 3

"I think it is important to have humor in poetry because it is so much a part of life."

Louis Jenkins has worked as a truck driver, farm hand, oil-field worker, commercial fisherman, and librarian in various parts of the country. He was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma in 1942, and the settings of his prose poems sometimes reflect the farming country of Oklahoma and Kansas where he grew up.



© LYNN SAVILLE

Too Much Snow

Unlike the Eskimos we only have one word for snow but we have a lot of modifiers for that word. There is too much snow, which, unlike rain, does not immediately run off. It falls and stays for months. Someone wished for this snow. Someone got a deal, five cents on the dollar, and spent the entire family fortune. It's the simple solution, it covers everything. We are never satisfied with the arrangement of the snow so we spend hours moving the snow from one place to another. Too much snow. I box it up and send it to family and friends. I send a big box to my cousin in California. I send a small box to my mother. She writes "Don't send so much. I'm all alone now. I'll never be able to use so much." To you I send a single snowflake, beautiful, complex and delicate; different from all the others.

*What do you have too much of,
and how would you distribute it?*

Activity

Language and culture are closely related. Interview someone who speaks a language besides English. From what culture does the language come? What is one idea or phenomenon in that culture that seems to have more importance in that culture than in English-speaking culture? How does language make that difference apparent? Present your information as a report, play, or poem.

Appointed Rounds

At first he refused to deliver junk mail because it was stupid, all those deodorant ads, money-making ideas and contests. Then he began to doubt the importance of the other mail he carried. He began to randomly select first class mail for non-delivery. After he had finished his mail route each day he would return home with his handful of letters and put them in the attic. He didn't open them and never even looked at them again. It was as if he were an agent of Fate, capricious and blind. In the several years before he was caught, friends vanished, marriages failed, business deals fell through. Toward the end he became more and more bold, deleting houses, then whole blocks from his route. He began to feel he'd been born in the wrong era. If only he could have been a Pony Express rider galloping into some prairie town with an empty bag, or the runner from Marathon collapsing in the streets of Athens, gasping, "No news."

Appointed Rounds

Question

Louis Jenkins has described the prose poem as a kind of box, like the "lunch box Dad brought home from work at night." The contents of the box are "magic," he says, "for having made a mysterious journey and returned." How do some of the images of "Too Much Snow" and "Appointed Rounds" reflect his description?

HAL SIROWITZ

POETRY HEAVEN

Part 3

"My poetry is both serious and funny. I like to make people laugh and at the same time I like to make them think about what they're laughing at."

A regular in New York City's downtown poetry scene, Hal Sirowitz has performed live on MTV's Spoken Word Unplugged and was featured on the PBS series The United States of Poetry. Born in Manhattan in 1949, he now lives in Queens and teaches special education in the New York City public schools.



© MARCUS HANSCHEN

HORNS ON YOUR HEAD

The further you venture from the house, Mother said, the fewer people you'll know. Everyone on this block has either heard of you or has seen you at one time. But on the next block maybe only one person will recognize you. Then there are hundreds of blocks where no one knows you exist. And it goes on that way until you get to Nebraska, where it gets even worse. There, the people never met a Jew before. They think you have horns, & will want to look for them. That's why you should never move too far away from me. You don't want strangers to always be touching your head.

CHOPPED-OFF ARM

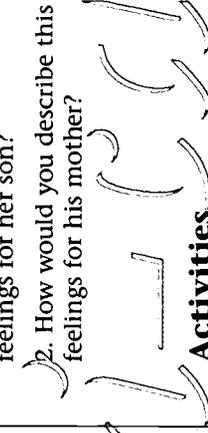
Don't stick your arm out of the window, Mother said. Another car can sneak up behind us, & chop it off. Then your father will have to stop, stick the severed piece in the trunk, & drive you to the hospital. It's not like the parts of your telescope that snap back on. A doctor will have to sew it. You won't be able to wear short sleeves. You won't want anyone to see the stitches.

DEFORMED FINGER

Don't stick your finger in the ketchup bottle, Mother said. It might get stuck, & then you'll have to wait for your father to get home to pull it out. He won't be happy to find a dirty fingernail squirming in the ketchup that he's going to use on his hamburger. He'll yank it out so hard that for the rest of your life you won't be able to wear a ring on that finger. And if you ever get a girlfriend, & you hold hands, she's bound to ask you why one of your fingers is deformed, & you'll be obligated to tell her how you didn't listen to your mother, & insisted on playing with a ketchup bottle, & she'll get to thinking, he probably won't listen to me either, & she'll push your hand away.

Questions

1. How would you describe this mother's feelings for her son?
2. How would you describe this son's feelings for his mother?



Activities

1. Make a list of negative instructions given to you by a parent or guardian. Choose the two or three that most interest you and, following Sirowitz's general form, use them to write your own "Mother Said" poems.
2. Assemble a group and experiment with reading these poems, first exactly as Sirowitz reads "Chopped-Off Arm" on the videotape, and then differently, in your own rhythms.

What did your Mother (or Mother-like person) say to you?

"Chopped-Off Arm," "Deformed Finger," and "Horns on Your Head" from MOTHER SAID by Hal Sirowitz. Copyright © 1996 by Hal Sirowitz. Used by arrangement with Crown Publishers.

"For me, writing is a spiritual need. I love doing it well, and I'm willing to do it badly often enough so that I can do it well."

Philip Levine was born in 1928 in Detroit, Michigan. He grew up there, and worked in many local industries before leaving for California. He says that he writes poetry "for people for whom there is no poetry—those were the people of Detroit." Many of his poems reflect on the nature of life in urban areas. He has written seventeen books of poetry, one of which won the Pulitzer Prize.



© LYNN SAVILLE

How close will you come
to the woman working
at the polishing wheel?

COMING CLOSE

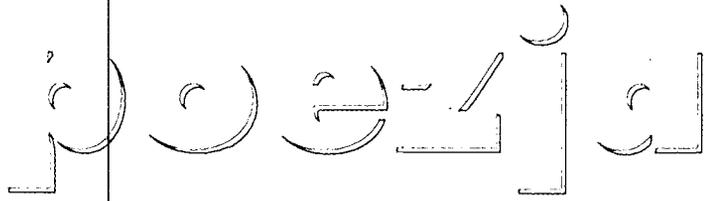
Take this quiet woman, she has been standing before a polishing wheel for over three hours, and she lacks twenty minutes before she can take a lunch break. Is she a woman? Consider the arms as they press the long brass tube against the buffer, they are striated along the triceps, the three heads of which clearly show. Consider the fine dusting of dark down above the upper lip, and the beads of sweat that run from under the red kerchief across the brow and are wiped away with a blackening wrist band in one odd motion a child might make to say No! No! You must come closer to find out, you must hang your tie and jacket in one of the lockers in favor of a black smock, you must be prepared to spend shift after shift hauling off the metal trays of stock, bowing first, knees bent for a purchase, then lifting with a gasp, the first word of tenderness between the two of you, then you must bring new trays of dull, unpolished tubes. You must feed her, as they say in the language of the place. Make no mistake, the place has a language, and if by some luck the power were cut, the wheel slowed to a stop so that you suddenly saw it was not a solid object but so many separate bristles forming in motion a perfect circle, she would turn to you and say, "Why?" Not the old *why* of *why must I spend five nights a week?* Just, "Why?" Even if by some magic you knew, you wouldn't dare speak for fear of her laughter, which now you have anyway as she places the five tapering fingers of her filthy hand on the arm of your white shirt to mark you for your own, now and forever.

filthy hands

PHILIP LEVINE

M. DEGAS TEACHES ART & SCIENCE AT DURFEE INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL Detroit, 1942

He made a line on the blackboard, one bold stroke from right to left diagonally downward and stood back to ask, looking as always at no one in particular, "What have I done?" From the back of the room Freddie shouted, "You've broken a piece of chalk." M. Degas did not smile. "What have I done?" he repeated. The most intellectual students looked down to study their desks except for Gertrude Bimmler, who raised her hand before she spoke. "M. Degas, you have created the hypotenuse of an isosceles triangle." Degas mused. Everyone knew that Gertrude could not be incorrect. "It is possible," Louis Warshowsky added precisely, "that you have begun to represent the roof of a barn." I remember that it was exactly twenty minutes past eleven, and I thought at worst this would go on another forty minutes. It was early April, the snow had all but melted on the playgrounds, the elms and maples bordering the cracked walks shivered in the new winds, and I believed that before I knew it I'd be swaggering to the candy store for a Milky Way. M. Degas pursed his lips, and the room stilled until the long hand of the clock moved to twenty one as though in complicity with Gertrude, who added confidently, "You've begun to separate the dark from the dark." I looked back for help, but now the trees bucked and quaked, and I knew this could go on forever.



Questions

1. How might "Coming Close" be different if it were told from the woman's point of view?
2. Edgar Degas was a famous French painter who lived from 1834 to 1917. How did Philip Levine get Edgar Degas to teach at Durfee Intermediate School in Detroit in 1942?

Activities

1. Like the woman in the factory, many people are employed in jobs that are difficult, perhaps dirty, and unglamorous, yet their work is important. Identify an unsung worker in your community. If possible, interview the person and describe his or her job and its importance. Describe the language of the place where the person works.
2. Philip Levine says "M.Degas" is a poem of "immense affection" for his teacher. Create something that shows immense affection for someone in your life—someone you know personally or someone you admire from a distance. Your creation could take any form—writing, music, painting, drawing, collage, or sculpture.
3. "M. Degas" is clearly based on Philip Levine's memories of his school experiences. Using your memories, describe an event that occurred earlier in your life, including descriptions of personality traits of the people involved and some of the actual words spoken.

4. Write a poem in which you imagine a famous person teaching at your school. Exaggerate the possible outcome.

"Coming Close" and "M. Degas Teaches Art & Science at Durfee Intermediate School" by Philip Levine. From WHAT WORK IS by Philip Levine. Copyright © 1991 by Philip Levine. Used by arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, New York



© LYNN SAVILLE

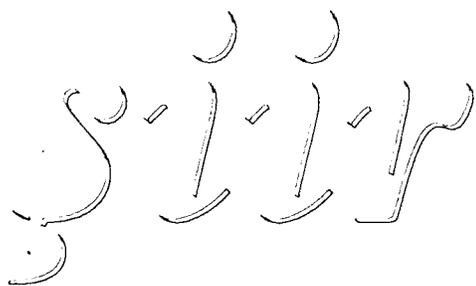
"I like blurring so many lines, doing the poetry and the music, because I think I'm here to help create or find a new place in the borders which always eventually become the center."

In her performances, Joy Harjo often recites poems and plays the saxophone. The music may be another expression of the inner old Creek Indian who she says often guides her when she writes. Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma in 1951, Joy Harjo is the daughter of a Creek father and French-Cherokee mother.

For Anna Mae Pictou Aquash, Whose Spirit Is Present Here and in the Dappled Stars (for we remember the story and must tell it again so we may all live)

Beneath a sky blurred with mist and wind,
 heads of crocuses erupt from the stiff earth
 as I have watched my own dark head
 the next world
 to come back to this one,
 It is the way in the natural world to understand the place
 after the heart/breaking destruction.
 Anna Mae,
 everything and nothing changes.
 You are the shimmering young woman
 who found her voice,
 when you were warned to be silent, or have your body cut away
 from you like an elegant weed.
 You are the one whose spirit is present in the dappled stars.
 (They prance and lope like colored horses who stay with us
 through the streets of these steely cities. And I have see them
 nuzzling the frozen bodies of tattered drunks
 on the corner.)
 This morning when the last star is dimming
 and the buses grind toward
 the middle of the city, I know it is ten years since they buried you
 the second time in Lakota, a language that could
 free you.
 I heard about it in Oklahoma, or New Mexico,
 how the wind howled and pulled everything down
 in a righteous anger.
 (It was the women who told me) and we understood wordlessly
 the ripe meaning of your murder.
 As I understand ten years later after the slow changing
 of the seasons
 that we have just begun to touch
 the dazzling whirlwind of our anger,
 we have just begun to perceive the amazed world of the ghost dancers
 entered
 crazily, beautifully.

In February 1976, an unidentified body of a young woman was found on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. The official autopsy attributed her death to exposure. The FBI agent present at the autopsy ordered her hands severed and sent to Washington for fingerprinting. John Trudell rightly called this mutilation an act of war. Her unnamed body was buried. When Anna Mae Aquash, a young Micmac woman who was an active American Indian Movement member, was discovered missing by her friends and relatives, a second autopsy was demanded. It was then discovered she had been killed by a bullet fired at close range to the back of her head. Her killer or killers have yet to be identified.



Question

What are some of the contrasting images of the poem? How do they add to its tone and overall impact?

Activity

Compare this poem with "Big girl, Little girl" by Lê Thi Diem Thúy. How do you suppose each poet might have written about the other's experience?

What have you understood
 wordlessly, and with whom?

ROBERT CREELEY

POETRY HEAVEN

Part 3

"Every time you write a poem you can think, 'Is that a real poem or is it just something I made up myself?' If what you have written is not a real poem, then what is a real poem?"

Born in Arlington, Massachusetts in 1926, Robert Creeley pioneered a spontaneous poetry crafted from natural rhythms based in the breath. He has taught at universities since 1962 and for thirty years at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He was appointed New York State Poet from 1989 to 1991.



© LYNN SAVILLE

I Know a Man

As I sd to my
friend, because I am
always talking,—John, I

sd, which was not his
name, the darkness sur-
rounds us, what

can we do against
it, or else, shall we &
why not, buy a goddamn big car,

drive, he sd, for
christ's sake, look
out where yr going.

from **So There**
for Penelope

Da. Da. Da da.
Where is the song.
What's wrong
with life

ever. More?
Or less—
days, nights,
these

days. *What's gone*
is gone forever
every time, old friend's
voice here. I want

to stay, somehow,
if I could—
if I would? Where else
to go.

The sea here's out
the window, old
switcher's house, vertical,
railroad blues, *lonesome*

whistle, etc. Can you
think of Yee's Café
in Needles, California
opposite the train

station—can you keep
it ever
together, old buddy, talking
to yourself again?

What would you do against the darkness
which surrounds us, or else, & why not . . . ?

Questions

1. What would your English teacher red-pencil in "I Know a Man"? What does Creeley gain by writing the poem according to his speakers' own spelling and punctuation habits?
2. Why does "I Know a Man" contain no quotation marks?
3. Who is the speaker of the first three stanzas of "I Know a Man" and what do you know about him? Do you identify more with him or with the speaker of the last stanza?

Activities

1. Assemble a group and take turns reading "I Know a Man," experimenting with speed, emphasis, and tone of voice.
2. From images cut out of magazines and newspapers, create a collage that illustrates "I Know a Man."

"I Know a Man" and "So There" by Robert Creeley. From SELECTED POEMS by Robert Creeley, University of California Press. Copyright © 1991 by The Regents of the University of California.

BRENDA HILLMAN

POETRY
HEAVEN

Part 3

"The interesting way to go is not toward making any piece of work better but toward making it weirder, more itself. Try letting go of the ideal of the perfect poem. Perfection may lie in falling apart."

Brenda Hillman's demanding poetry often cites divergent influences including gnosticism, alchemy, feminist literary theory, and "science-for-normal-people." Born in Tucson, Arizona in 1951, she has published six volumes of poetry. She teaches at St. Mary's College in Morgana, California and lives in the Bay Area with her husband, the poet Robert Hass.



© LYNN SAVILLE

Black Series

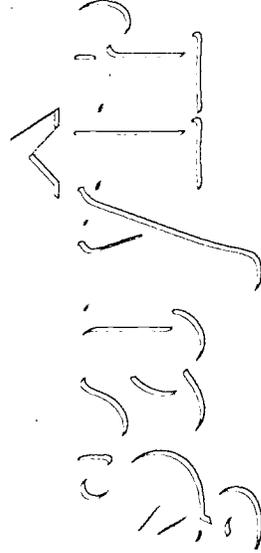
—Then in the scalloped leaves of the plane tree a series of short, sharp who's: a little owl had learned to count.

You lay in your bed as usual not existing because of the bright edges pressing in.

All at once the black thick o's of the owl made the very diagram you needed. Where there had been two kinds of infinity, now there was one! The smudged circle around the soul was the one the gnostics saw around the cosmos, the mathematical toy train, the snake eating its tail.

Relieved by the thought that the owl's o's had changed but not you, that something could change and not be lost in you,

you asked the voice for more existence and the voice said yes but you must understand I loved you not despite your great emptiness but because of your great emptiness —

**Time Problem**

The problem
of time. Of there not being
enough of it.

My girl came to the study
and said Help me;

I told her I had a time problem
which meant:

I would die for you but I don't have ten minutes.
Numbers hung in the math book
like motel coathangers. The Lean
Cuisine was burning

like an ancient city: black at the edges,
bubbly earth tones in the center.

The latest thing they're saying is lack
of time might be

a "woman's problem." She sat there
with her math book sobbing—

(turned out to be prime factoring: whole numbers
dangle in little nooses)

Hawking says if you back up far enough
it's not even

an issue, time falls away into
'the curve' which is finite,
boundaryless. Appointment book,
soprano telephone—
(beep End beep went the microwave)

The hands fell off my watch in the night.
I spoke to the spirit

who took them, told her: Time is the funniest thing
they invented. Had wakened from a big
dream of love in a boat—

No time to get the watch fixed so the blank face
lived for months in my dresser,

(continued)

What have you asked "the voice" for?

Time Problem (continued)

no arrows
for hands, just quartz intentions, just the pinocchio
nose (before the lie)
left in the center; the watch
didn't have twenty minutes; neither did I.

My girl was doing
her gym clothes by herself; (red leaked
toward black, then into the white
insignia) I was grading papers,
heard her call from the laundry room:
Mama?

Hawking says there are two
types of it,
real and imaginary (imaginary time must be
like decaf), says it's meaningless
to decide which is which
but I say: there was tomorrow-
and-a-half

when I started thinking about it; now
there's less than a day. More
done. That's
the thing that keeps being said. I thought
I could get more done as in:
fish stew from a book. As in: Versateller
archon, then push-push-push
the tired-tired around the track like a planet.
Legs, remember him?

Our love—when we stagger—lies down inside us . . .
Hawking says
there are little folds in time
(actually he calls them wormholes)
but I say:

there's a universe beyond
where they're hammering the brass cut-outs . . .
Push us out in the boat and leave time here—

(because: where in the plan was it written,
You'll be too busy to close parentheses,
the snapdragon's bunched mouth needs water,
even the caterpillar will hurry past you?)

Pulled the travel alarm
to my face: the black
behind the phosphorous argument kept the dark
from being ruined. Opened
the art book

—saw the languorous wrists of the lady
in Tissot's "Summer Evening." Relaxed. Turning
gently. The glove
(just slightly—but still):
"aghast";

opened Hawking, he says, time gets smoothed
into a fourth dimension
but I say

space thought it up, as in: Let's make
a baby space, and then
it missed. Were seconds born early, and why
didn't things unhappen also, such as
the tree became Daphne . . .

At the beginning of harvest, we felt
the seven directions.

Time did not visit us. We slept
till noon.

With one voice I called him, with one voice
I let him sleep, remembering
summer years ago,

I had come to visit him in the house of last straws
and when he returned
above the garden of pears, he said
our weeping caused the dew . . .

I have borrowed the little boat
and I say to him Come into the little boat,
you were happy there;

the evening reverses itself, we'll push out
onto the pond,
or onto the reflection of the pond,
whichever one is eternal—

little

Questions

1. What kind of time problems is the speaker of "Time Problem" having?
2. What is the effect of the punctuation in "Black Series"—only beginning and concluding dashes?
3. What is Stephen Hawking doing in "Time Problem," and why does he disappear toward the end of the poem?

Activities

1. Research Stephen Hawking and report on his ideas about time.
2. Research the gnostics and explain why they appear in "Black Series."

Brenda Hillman, "Black Series" from BRIGHT EXISTENCE © 1993 by Brenda Hillman, Wesleyan University Press, by permission of University Press of New England. "Time Problem" from LOOSE SUGAR © 1997 by Brenda Hillman, Wesleyan University Press, by permission of University Press of New England.

BRENDA HILLMAN, THYLIAS MOSS, CAROL MUSKE, AND PATTIANN ROGERS

Pattiann Rogers says that because “the mother’s voice is essentially absent” from the Western canon, women need to work to get that voice represented. Thylia Moss says that it is essential for her to be a writer first and a wife and mother only in relation to that identity. What is the disagreement between these two women? With whom are you more in agreement? Why?

While Carol Muske says about the label “woman poet,” “it’s irrelevant,” Brenda Hillman says, “I love my camp.” What are they disagreeing about? With which point of view do you have more sympathy? Why?

How do the poems of these four women support or contradict their statements?



© LYNN SAVILLE

Assemble a group and let each person assume the position taken by one of the poets in this conversation. Continue the conversation on your own.

darddoniaeth

POETRY AND WORK

LOUIS JENKINS, YUSEF KOMUNYAKAA, AND PHILIP LEVINE

Philip Levine says, “Poetry is work.” He even says that “it’s the hardest work I’ve ever done.” Why might poetry be the hardest work one could do?

Louis Jenkins has felt that he was slumming when he was doing other work, for money, and that he was really a poet. How far should we go in defining ourselves by the work we do for money? What is the difference between writing as these poets describe it and a hobby?

Yusef Komunyakaa says that his father, a carpenter, thought that “if you didn’t work with your hands, then you weren’t a complete person.” How is poetry in fact like carpentry?

How do the poems of these three men support or contradict their statements?

The poets who discuss this topic have different opinions about history and its relationship to poetry. For example, Li-Young Lee wants to forget history, but Yusef Komunyakaa says it's important to remember forgotten voices. Louis Jenkins finds that there's not much history to write about; whereas Robert Hass says that "poetry . . . has been a much more powerful creator of 'history' than anything else."



Questions

1. Li-Young Lee is Chinese but was born in Indonesia. His family was persecuted in Indonesia and fled that country, moving to several other countries before arriving in the United States. Li-Young Lee says he has a sense of "homelessness" even though he has lived in the United States for some time. These are a few lines from his poem, "The Interrogation," from *The City in Which I Love You* [the complete text can be found on the Dodge Web site (www.grdodge.org/poetry)]:

...
I'm through
with memory,
...
Which house did we flee by night? Which house did we flee by day?

Don't ask me.

We stood and watched one burn; from one we ran away.

I'm neatly folding
the nights and days, notes
to be forgotten
...

How do you think Li-Young Lee's experiences shaped his thoughts and feelings about history and memory?

2. Yusef Komunyakaa's "History Lesson" describes a memory of a horrendous act—a lynching. Why do you think the poet chose to record this painful event in a poem? How can a poem serve as a lesson about history?

Activities

1. In a small group, discuss your view of how poetry relates to history and how history relates to poetry. With which of the poets discussing "Poetry and History" do you agree? Why?

2. Many poets have written about events in history. Choose a poem about a historical event. You might choose from poets such as Homer, Frances Watkins Harper, Walt Whitman, John Greenleaf Whittier, Gwendolyn Brooks, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, or W.H. Auden. Then read an account of the same event as written in a history book. How do the two compare? What are the values of each?

3. What is the history you need to write about? What do you need to say? Write your response in the form of a poem or essay.

A SHARED LIFE OF POETRY

Robert Hass and Brenda Hillman are both poets, and they are married to each other. They describe some of the difficulties and joys of sharing the same occupation.

Questions

1. Of her marriage to Robert Hass, Brenda Hillman says, ". . . we keep it a secret as much as possible." Why do you think she might be kidding when she says this? Could she also be serious about it? Why?
2. In your opinion what might be some of the difficulties and joys that might occur between two married people who have the same occupation? Do you think the difficulties and joys would be any different than between two married people who have different occupations? Why?
3. Why must a poet "go away" in order to "get the treasure"? Where do you think the poet goes? What is the treasure?

Activities

1. Look into the lives of other modern poet couples, such as Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes, or Donald Hall and Jane Kenyon. How does Robert Hass's and Brenda Hillman's conversation relate to the lives and careers of another poet couple?
2. Look into the lives of other couples who are not poets but who share the same occupation. You might investigate two actors, two singers, two postal workers, two teachers, or two doctors. Describe how their experiences compare to those of Robert Hass and Brenda Hillman.



U.S. Department of Education
Office of Educational Research and Improvement (OERI)
Educational Resources Information Center (ERIC)



CS 216 820

REPRODUCTION RELEASE

(Specific Document)

I. DOCUMENT IDENTIFICATION:

Title: <i>Poetry Heaven: Teacher's Guide.</i>	
Author(s): <i>D. Reisman, Et.; J. Haber; R. Kelsa</i>	
Corporate Source: <i>Thirteen/WNET</i>	Publication Date: <i>1998</i>

II. REPRODUCTION RELEASE:

In order to disseminate as widely as possible timely and significant materials of interest to the educational community, documents announced in the monthly abstract journal of the ERIC system, *Resources in Education* (RIE), are usually made available to users in microfiche, reproduced paper copy, and electronic/optical media, and sold through the ERIC Document Reproduction Service (EDRS) or other ERIC vendors. Credit is given to the source of each document, and, if reproduction release is granted, one of the following notices is affixed to the document.

If permission is granted to reproduce and disseminate the identified document, please CHECK ONE of the following two options and sign at the bottom of the page.

The sample sticker shown below will be affixed to all Level 1 documents

The sample sticker shown below will be affixed to all Level 2 documents



Check here
For Level 1 Release:
Permitting reproduction in microfiche (4" x 6" film) or other ERIC archival media (e.g., electronic or optical) and paper copy.

PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE AND DISSEMINATE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY

Sample

TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)

PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE AND DISSEMINATE THIS MATERIAL IN OTHER THAN PAPER COPY HAS BEEN GRANTED BY

Sample

TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)

Check here
For Level 2 Release:
Permitting reproduction in microfiche (4" x 6" film) or other ERIC archival media (e.g., electronic or optical), but *not* in paper copy.

Level 1

Level 2

Documents will be processed as indicated provided reproduction quality permits. If permission to reproduce is granted, but neither box is checked, documents will be processed at Level 1.

"I hereby grant to the Educational Resources Information Center (ERIC) nonexclusive permission to reproduce and disseminate this document as indicated above. Reproduction from the ERIC microfiche or electronic/optical media by persons other than ERIC employees and its system contractors requires permission from the copyright holder. Exception is made for non-profit reproduction by libraries and other service agencies to satisfy information needs of educators in response to discrete inquiries."

Sign here → please

Signature: <i>David Reisman</i>	Printed Name/Position/Title: <i>David Reisman / Editor</i>	
Organization/Address: <i>Thirteen/WNET Educational Publishing Dept 450 W. 33 Street New York, NY 10001</i>	Telephone: <i>(212) 560-6649</i>	FAX: <i>(212) 560-2921</i>
	E-Mail Address: <i>reisman@wnet.org</i>	Date: <i>5/25/99</i>

III. DOCUMENT AVAILABILITY INFORMATION (FROM NON-ERIC SOURCE):

If permission to reproduce is not granted to ERIC, or, if you wish ERIC to cite the availability of the document from another source, please provide the following information regarding the availability of the document. (ERIC will not announce a document unless it is publicly available, and a dependable source can be specified. Contributors should also be aware that ERIC selection criteria are significantly more stringent for documents that cannot be made available through EDRS.)

Publisher/Distributor:
Address:
Price:

IV. REFERRAL OF ERIC TO COPYRIGHT/REPRODUCTION RIGHTS HOLDER:

If the right to grant reproduction release is held by someone other than the addressee, please provide the appropriate name and address:

Name:
Address:

V. WHERE TO SEND THIS FORM:

Send this form to the following ERIC Clearinghouse:	<i>Acquisitions</i> ERIC/REC 2805 E. Tenth Street Smith Research Center, 150 Indiana University Bloomington, IN 47408
---	--

However, if solicited by the ERIC Facility, or if making an unsolicited contribution to ERIC, return this form (and the document being contributed) to:

~~ERIC Processing and Reference Facility~~
~~4100 West Street, 2d Floor~~
~~Laurel, Maryland 20707-3598~~

Telephone: 301-497-4080
Toll Free: 800-709-3742
FAX: 301-953-0263
e-mail: ericfac@inet.ed.gov
WWW: <http://ericfac.piccard.cse.com>